

# THE DUBLIN AND LONDON MAGAZINE.

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## THE IMPROVEMENT OF IRELAND.

By Rory O'Rourke, Esq.

'What will Irishmen do for themselves?'—Mr. Dillon, at the late aggregate meeting.

'Too many cooks spoil the broth.' This is true of governing nations, as well as of boiling mutton; and few countries have been more mismanaged in this respect than unhappy Ireland. There have been more acts of parliament passed for her benefit than would cover the surface of the island, supposing each clause to occupy a square inch of ass's skin; and yet Mr. Peel, while he admits the deplorable state of the people, acknowledges that his majesty's ministers are unable to suggest a plan for their amelioration! It is not 'what little wisdom serves to govern the world,' but 'how much folly passes current amongst mankind for wisdom.' The Romans were great legislative cooks; but, being a free people, every one had a finger in the pie; and, consequently, their guests did not approve of their culinary preparations. Ireland had a narrow escape of being compelled to swallow Roman dishes. Agricola had serious thoughts of paying us a visit; but as we gave him enough to do in Britain, he did not think well to cross the channel. The Danes, less timid, bravely undertook to improve the condition of Ireland, and in the rude *rimes* of their sagas they talk very familiarly of *our* Dublin, and *our* Westford. We benefited very little, however, by their superintendence; for, according to Dr. Lingard, they intercepted 'the march of intellect,' and threw us back into our original barbarism. The Normans were the next who undertook the 'improvement of Ireland;' and, God knows, they did it with a vengeance! To obviate their early mismanagement, John, afterwards king of England, came

to 'improve' the kingdom, but his success must have been very questionable, for further 'improvements' were called for. Ordinance followed ordinance in rapid succession; but no 'improvement' took place: men learnt only to slay each other with more deadly skill, while the country remained untilled and untenanted. Henry VIII. to 'improve' Ireland, took the title of king, and quartered the harp in his arms, but all did not do; his daughter Mary had the work of 'improvement' to begin again, and set about it by treacherously murdering the natives! Her sister Elizabeth followed her example; and such was the 'improvements' she made\* that her successor had to *plant* the country with Scotchmen. They took root; for, like their own thistles, there are few places where they will not thrive.

We may next pass on to Oliver Cromwell. Richard II. thought the only way of 'improving Ireland' was to keep the people in it. The Protector thought the better plan was to transport them out of it; and accordingly he organized an 'Emigration Committee,' who shipped off Paddies by thousands. The descendants of these exiles are still to be found in the island of Jamaica, where they *now* speak their mother tongue.† Charles II. to do him justice, was no great quack in legislation. He loved his mistresses, and did not care a fillip for Ireland. James was more kind; but it was all *intention* with him: the battle of Aughram put it out of his power of trying experiments for our 'improvement.' William, the sulky Dutchman, was determined to make us happy. He entered

\* In Sir William Petty's Survey of the Queen's County, there will be found melancholy proofs of Elizabeth's mode of 'improving Ireland.' Whole villages are entered 'uninhabited'; whole parishes represented as without a living soul; and the heart sickens at the long list of empty and desolate cabins. The wind whistled through the rank grass that grew upon the hearth-stone, and every thing spoke of desolation. Yet this was in the days of the good Queen Bess!

† My esteemed friend, Mr. Hardiman, has proofs of this fact in his possession.  
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into treaties for the express purpose of violating them; and then devised popery laws of a most conciliating nature—and all for the ‘improvement of Ireland.’ Anne followed in his footsteps: the penal laws were increased in severity and number; but after half a century spent in hunting and hanging, fining and flogging, papists, it was found that the ‘improvement of Ireland’ was still a *job* to be accomplished.

At length the Irish parliament, awakened from its slumber of centuries, started up, and set about ‘improving Ireland;’ but, with all its efforts, things were getting no better. Like quacks, who increase the quantity of medicine as the patient grows worse, the Irish statesmen augmented their statutes as the country became more miserable; every thing was regulated by acts of parliament; but the people still complained; and, alas! had too much reason for their murmurs. What collective wisdom could not do, chartered bodies might. The Dublin Society was instituted: the silk and woollen trades were taken under protection; a childish book was published about nothing at all; and still Ireland did not improve. The Linen Board was also established; a few noble knaves and impudent rogues, fattened upon the public bounty, harassed the poor weavers, interrupted the freedom of trade, and failed to ‘improve Ireland.’ The Irish parliament was next abolished, and goodness knows it was time to get rid of it, but the imperial senate of the empire also ‘spoiled the broth.’ They have had committees in abundance—witnesses in hundreds: they have passed insurrection acts, and established a police; but still the ‘improvement of Ireland’ is a *desideratum*: and accordingly a society of Solons in Dublin, with the lord mayor (God save the mark!) at their head, have set about it. In what way think? By petitioning parliament!!!

Philosophers, as well as statesmen, have concerned themselves about the ‘improvement of Ireland.’ Sir William Petty, and the great Lord Bacon, who is praised because his works are never read, have written much about the matter. In modern times we have had sages in hosts, from Mr. Twiss, the traveller, to Mr. Boaden, the playwright; and every one of them had a plan for

the ‘improvement of Ireland.’ From various suggestions many things have resulted; the sub-letting act was one, the vestry bill was another; and yet the Irish are for petitioning parliament! Verily they are fond of acts of parliament; and one would think by this time that they had got enough of them. Since every interference for centuries has failed, perhaps the better way would be to let the people alone—to leave them to themselves.

The question now is, ‘what will Irishmen do for themselves?’ A Dr. Ellmore has written a pamphlet to prove that they can do very well. Parliament, according to the doctor—who is, no doubt, a very worthy man—has only to drain the bogs, pour capital into the country, give every one employment, and compel absentees to live in Ireland, and *then* there will be no need of emigration. This reminds me of Macdonald’s book on cookery—a favourite volume with Mrs. O’Rourke—in which directions are given ‘how to dress a hare.’ ‘First’ (nothing like precision) ‘get a good hare, and then—’ the principal difficulty is overcome. Dr. Ellmore, like the hungry student who made good soup from a pebble, wants only materials to make Ireland an El Dorado; but he is sadly deficient in originality: there is absolutely nothing new in his pamphlet; there is not a man in Ireland, from a shoeblack to a lord, who has not repeated the same story, and, like the doctor, without knowing any thing about the matter.

A good physician, before he prescribes, will always endeavour to ascertain the nature of the disease, or whether there be any occasion to prescribe at all. Perhaps there has been some great mistake in regard to the state of Ireland; perhaps the people have only been somewhat *hippish*! I am sometimes inclined to think that this is really the case. I am quite certain that there is a great deal of unnecessary clamour made about Ireland; and I wish to God that my countrymen would for once rise to the dignity of taking care of themselves. They have long been remarkable for a punctilious regard to every thing concerning their individual honor; they were never known to submit to a personal insult; yet, strange to say, they are pleased to be represented in the gross as a parcel of knaves, fools, and



barbarians—as a people lower in the scale of happiness and civilization than any of the other inhabitants of Europe. They are the dupes of their own fancies; they are enslaved by exaggeration, and like the plaintiff, who, on hearing the statement of his counsel, started up in court, declared every word of it was true, but that he never knew until that moment how ill he had been used, they suffer themselves to be misled by rhetorical artifices. Nothing is more easy than to persuade a people that they ought to be more happy than they are; because, generally speaking, this is really the case: for in the best governed states—and Ireland is not one of them—there is always enough of general suffering of individual misery to create a wide-spread discontent. The social inequalities which result from civilization lay the foundation of this national disease; and as men will always listen most readily to that which falls in with their preconceived notions, those who declaim against poverty and oppression will never want listeners.

I do not mean to say that Irishmen have no reason to murmur; they have but too much reason to be discontented; but still they should be rational in their complaints, and not weaken their indignation by spreading it over too wide a surface, by railing against things which cannot be obviated. Men may be respectable, though unfortunate; dignified, though in chains; and wise, though oppressed. If Irishmen wish to improve their country, (and no doubt they do,) they must, like the reaper in the fable, depend upon their own exertions: they must calculate solely upon their own resources. Above all, they must distinctly understand what would be improvements, what are the defects, and give publicity to these when known. The vague notions entertained by public men in Ireland, respecting political economy, have led to sad results; and loud as they have declaimed against the sub-letting act, the legislature was justified in what they have done from the showing of the Catholic patriots themselves. If Mr. O'Connell was correct (as no doubt he was sincere) in his evidence before the parliamentary committee, the sub-letting act was imperiously called for. He declared that the subdivision of small farms was carried to a ruinous extent;

that he knew a spot in the county of Kerry where there were four hundred inhabitants, though a dozen years ago there were not forty.

The question of population is a very simple one; men, like other living things, are provided with an instinct, which secures them against the annihilation of their species. Consequently, under some circumstances they increase faster than under others; and this makes population resemble water—it is always sure to find its level. We know this, and we know nothing more: all talk about a tendency to increase faster than the means of support is sheer nonsense; the tendency is good—its effects can never be bad; because the power of procreation is active or dormant, according to circumstances. Men are most distressed in those regions where *they* are fewest, and where nature is most prolific; and all that ennobles us is the result of dense population! Population itself is regulated by circumstances; where men are comparatively happy they will increase; and where they are unhappy, they will decrease. History verifies the axiom; and, consequently, a people will never be permanently more numerous than the circumstances of the case allows. To relieve Ireland by forced emigration is, therefore, legislative folly: the place of the absent will be quickly supplied, unless the difficulties of making out a livelihood are increased. I am no enemy to emigration: the philanthropist will desire to see it go on uninterruptedly, until the globe be covered with civilized men. And I am one of those who rejoice when I see the hardy children of toil set out in search of new scenes for individual enterprise. Poor and forlorn, and abject as the emigrant may be, he is the harbinger of blessings to the wilderness; he makes her awful temples respond to the voice of civilized man; and lays the foundation of a population that may one day give lessons of wisdom and examples of liberty to the world he has left. Washingtons and Franklins may spring from his loins; and cities and corn-fields must occupy the sites of swamps and deserts. Such things have been, and may be again. Let Mr. Wilmet Horton's scheme then go on and prosper; for every Irishman that touches Canada, there is an addition made to the advocates of freedom in the new

world; an additional friend secured for Ireland, where those who sympathise with her are already numerous. Her native resources will be lessened only for a time; so that my countrymen have no cause to complain of the Emigration Committee, unless in as far as it tends to impute that to dense population which proceeds from the withholding of violated rights.

Another mode of 'improving Ireland' is the voluntary emigration to England of Irish haymakers. This has filled our statesmen with unheard-of alarm, and the Catholic Association with unusual gladness. There was no cause for either murmurs or rejoicings, and it is another proof of how little is known at the present day of political science. There was nothing new in this: it was an old trick of ours; we were always fond of a rambling life. The Romans, on their first invasion of Britain, found Paddy there before them; and such was our attachment to the soil, that the great wall in the north could not keep us away. Even then we were fond of fun and fighting. We were the only people whom the Romans could not conquer; and, like their successors, they had the meanness to malign us.\* In the fourth century, our O'Neil (or Nial) spread dismay through the north of England; and there is good reason for thinking that Alaric, the conqueror of Rome, was an Irishman; at least many of his companions were from the land o' bogs. Ancient allies of France, we were constantly in Gaul; and Henry II. first thought of invading us in consequence of the support we lent the Welsh against him.† In later times we were not less restless, and came over to England in such numbers during the reign of Richard II. that

an act was passed to prohibit the depopulation of Ireland!‡ In the days of Ben Jonson we subjected ourselves to dramatic ridicule; a misfortune from which we are not yet wholly free. But nothing could deter us; to England we were determined to come, and to England we will come, while London is 'not only the metropolis of England, but of the British empire!'

There is no keeping us away: but query, do we injure any national interest by our emigration? 'Oh! you reduce the wages of our labourers,' say the economists; and the Catholic Association and Lord Rossmore not only assent, but declare that the Irish who resort to England will have the effect of compelling John Bull to concede Catholic emancipation. They will pauperise England, unless something be done for the 'improvement of Ireland.' Paddy must be provided with work at home, or he will beggar and contaminate John Bull abroad!

'One of the most undoubted truths in political economy is, that labour should be free, and that the labourer should be allowed to dispose of the produce of his hands in that market which produces the best price. To this the economists have assented over and over; yet they have the inconsistency to tell us, that the emigration of Irish labourers will ruin the English labourers. Now, in the first place, if the Irish labourer who works in England be an evil, it inevitably follows that the produce of the Irish labourer, whether he lives at home or abroad, must also be an evil, if disposed of in the English market. There is no escaping from this dilemma. Either the emigration of Irish labourers is no evil, or the free importation of Irish manufacture is an evil,

\* Scotland was then inhabited by Irishmen—at least the inhabitants of both countries were the same people. Dr. Lingard has fallen into a great error respecting the Picts and Caledonians, which I shall notice at a future time; at present I shall only remark that he describes them as rude, naked, painted barbarians; yet ascribes to them strength, bravery, and activity. These things are incompatible with each other, if by rude barbarian is to be understood a man who approximates to the American barbarian, whom we very improperly call a savage. In this sense I understood it in an article last month on the ancient state of Ireland; and, therefore, denied that certain attributes were compatible with savage life; people in this state of society being always more feeble and less brave than civilized man. Some writers have promulgated a different opinion, but more recent inquiries confirm my opinion. If the word barbarian be understood in the sense in which the Romans used it, then I was wrong, for these haughty conquerors had but one denomination for all mankind—except themselves—and that was barbarian.

† Baker's Chronicle, reign of Richard II.

The Black Book of Christ Church, Dublin, establishes this curious fact.

when that manufacture is a commodity which could be produced in England by English hands. Machinery, they say, ought to be freely exported and imported.—Now, M'Culloch says, man is a machine: *ergo*, man ought not to encounter any obstruction either in his ingress or egress. The economists must either admit the harmlessness of emigration, or abandon the whole reasoning upon which their theory is founded. The truth is, a labourer, being a producer, is, in the commercial sense of the word, a commodity which will cease to be imported when there is no demand. If there be a demand, he benefits the country he comes into; if there be not a demand, he will soon cease to offend strangers with his presence.\*

It is said, however, that as the ingress of Irish labourers increase the number of hands seeking employment, a diminution in the rate of wages must necessarily take place. No such thing: 'In the first

place,' says a friend of mine, in a recent publication,\* 'the rate of wages does not, in all cases, depend upon the number seeking to be employed. Mind this: for this fact is of first importance in all inquiries of this nature. When the wages are at what economists call their natural rate, they cannot possibly descend any lower: no redundancy of labourers can cause a reduction, for this simple reason, because man cannot labour and subsist upon less. Now, it is notorious, that has been the case both in the manufacturing and agricultural districts of England for the last two years. The operatives were all but starving; no Irishmen could possibly subsist upon less than fell to their portion; and, as for the agricultural peasantry, we have parliamentary documents in proof of the fact, that they were almost universally living upon parish rates; upon less food than was allowed the felon in the goals! Observe here, too, that there was, all this time, a re-

\* I cannot resist giving the following apposite remarks from the same pen. 'But is the fact established that Irish emigration has increased to such an alarming extent? Who are those who give evidence? One or two Scotchmen, and John Black, of the "Morning Chronicle." It is very true, there are thousands of Irishmen in England,—the vast majority of them are in London; but still their numbers are far from being what is generally supposed. This I shall show by and by; but, in the mean time, I must observe, that a Connaught man has just as much right to seek employment in London as a Devonshire man. It is really the capital, not only of England, but of the empire; it is the seat of government, the emporium of trade and commerce. There is Irish as well as English capital in it; and therefore any native of Ireland has just as good a right to take up his residence and pursue his interests in it, as a native of England.

'But I deny *in toto* the statements recently made; I deny that the emigration of Irish labourers has been greater this year than last.—On the contrary, I maintain, that it was much less. In the first place, the peasantry are now much better off in Ireland than they had been twelve months ago; and the "Glasgow Chronicle," which published daily lists of arrivals, disclosed in an unguarded moment the fact. On a Monday it sighed for the fate of the Scotch peasantry; they were to be supplanted by the "woild Hirish," who had come over in droves, eager to work for mere salt to their porridge, and content to sleep in a pig-sty. These fellows were worse than locusts; more were ready to emigrate, and then, alas! for poor Sawney! On Wednesday, however, the editor discovered his mistake: the "woild Hirish" would not—actually would not—work for the wages paid to Scotchmen!! In their own words, they had money enough left to pay for their passage to Ireland, where they could get better wages, better food, and better beds and barns to sleep in!! This little fact illustrates what I had often said of Scotland. There is not a more wretched people under heaven than the people of that country. In the Highlands there are periodical famines and perpetual misery.—Every statistical work on the country shows that the people live upon a scanty supply of potatoes, with hardly an occasional supply of oatmeal. This is and has always been the diet of the peasantry of the north of England, as recently stated by Sir James Graham; and be it observed, these northern peasantry are the most moral and honest in Great Britain.

'Strange, that foreign agricultural labourers should seek employment in Scotland! They must have been grossly imposed upon; in fact, they were deceived, and the extent of the poor people's disappointment may be estimated by the fact, that the land o'cakes is perpetually discharging the excess of her beggarly population upon the agricultural counties of England. The Highlands and neighbouring isles are swarming with unemployed poor: Dr. M'Culloch bears unequivocal evidence of the fact; and I say, without the fear of contradiction, that these parts of Scotland send out, comparatively, more emigrant labourers than the county of Cork—and nine-tenths of the Irish in London are from that part of Ireland.'



dundancy of hands; thousands every where eager to work, but who could not find employment. Now, a redundancy of ten per cent. must unquestionably have the same effect as a redundancy of fifty, because an excess, more or less, will cause the vessel, when full, to overflow.

'From all this it is quite obvious that Irish emigrants could not affect the rate of wages.\* In point of fact, they never have done so, because, during their sojourn, all are employed. No peasant is idle during that brief season, and were it not for Irish labourers, who come over to gather in the English harvest, one of two things (from the paucity of the English peasantry) must take place: either the corn must rot in the ground, or the farmers must employ machinery. There can be no doubt they would do the latter; and hay and corn can now be made and stacked by machinery. Irish periodical emigration (and they only visit England at certain seasons) can therefore do no possible injury, in a pecuniary sense, to the English peasantry.'

It is quite obvious that the English agricultural labourers cannot suffer from Irish competition, because Paddy cannot compete with them; their wages are derived conjointly, in nine cases out of ten, from the farmer and the parish; and, as strangers have no claim upon the poor's rates, it follows, of course, that they will not find employment; it would not be the interest of the farmer to employ them, because he has his own servants on something like half price. In point of fact, Irish labourers are never found constantly employed in agricultural districts, and are less numerous in manufacturing towns than is generally supposed. Poverty, however, they cannot increase: the English operatives are habitually miserable already. 'The fact,' says a writer in the last 'Parliamentary Review,' 'that the manufacturing population suffered as they did during the year 1826, is sufficient evidence of habitual poverty; for the people, who, in ordinary times, are in the enjoyment of high wages—of something beyond the necessities of life—will not be exposed to starvation by one season of commercial distress: such a crisis would

deprive them of their comforts, but not of the means of existence.' 'Supposing, however,' says the author already quoted, 'that this reasoning is inconclusive, let us see how the reverse would operate in favour of the position of the Irish patriots. For the sake of argument, let us grant that the influx of Irish emigrants was such as to cause the rate of wages to decline one-fourth,—and what then? Would this ruin England and benefit Ireland? Quite the contrary: it would be, to the commercial interests of this country, the greatest possible good,—and to all the people of Ireland, collectively, under present circumstances, the greatest possible mischief.

'It is well known that high wages, or, in other words, the high price of provisions—for it is that now regulates the rate of wages—is not only a drawback on profit, but in some measure a prohibition on the exportation of manufactured articles. From the necessarily high price of English manufactures, foreigners are able to compete with us, in distant markets, in almost every branch of business, and to exclude us altogether in respect to some articles—particularly those which require most manual labour. Now, reduce the rate of wages by the influx of Irish emigrants, and you give a new impulse to English manufactures; you send them to foreign countries with new claims to consumers, and of course you extend all, and revive some, of John Bull's manufactures. The amount of labour is not thereby diminished; on the contrary, it is increased. But suppose that some thousands of English operatives are thrown out of employ—what then? The nation, collectively, is not injured by their distress; and Malthus will tell you, that in a few years these will either emigrate or be killed off. Their misery, like the death of a traitor, is a benefit to their country.

'So far, therefore, from Irish emigration being, as Irish patriots erroneously suppose, a means of degrading and impoverishing England, it would, were their primer true, be the direct means of increasing her commercial resources and activity. But how would this operate on

\* In confirmation of this, I must mention the fact, that every witness before the emigration committee who was examined on the point, distinctly stated, that Irish emigration did not affect the rate of wages in Manchester, and that there were always thousands of English hands unemployed; neither did these affect the rate of wages.

Ireland? Would the diminution of her amount of labourers increase the employment of those who remain? Quite the contrary. It is well known that nothing would be manufactured in Ireland that could be manufactured in England, were not wages lower in the former than in the latter. Now mind: were wages to decline here in consequence of Irish emigration, wages should either decline in the same proportion in Ireland, or labourers would cease to be employed. In either case, the suffering of the Irish poor would be increased. It is very true, that in this case the stream of emigration would continue; but it is equally true, that Irish capital and Irish manufactures would follow it! There is not a rational man in existence who would refuse his assent to these facts.\*

The morality of the Irish is also impeached, but on very unsubstantial grounds; and they are accused of eating potatoes, as if that practice were also a crime. 'An Irishman,' said Sheridan, 'has always got more or less of the potatoe in his head.' Were this true, their complaints would merit little notice.—He who has got a potatoe in his head or his fist need not be hungry. There is no disputing about tastes. Pliny mentions a mouthless people, who lived upon scents;\* and according to Washington Irving, the Caribs dined upon their neighbours—when well cured! Our forefathers dined before day-light, and in Queen Elizabeth's days the first meal was a substantial one.

'Then her buxom dames of honour, when arising from their beds, sir,  
Great clumsy piles of beef-steaks kept running  
in their heads, sir,  
Till they'd breakfasted like ploughmen, and  
then, 'tis true, by Jingo,  
They washed down their dainty meal with  
draughts of humming stingo.'

A Frenchman, at the present day, lives upon salads; John Bull munches bread and cheese; but Paddy prefers a bellyful of potatoes. Nor is his choice so irrational. There is no food meets you with such looks of gaiety: turn a *whiteye* or a *banher* what way you will, and he bursts his sides laughing at you. There is no resisting such risible charms;

and Cobbett showed his want of humour and taste when he libelled the potatoe.—When growing, nothing can be more beautiful; the variety of hue which the blossoms present delights the eye, and there is a richness in the foliage—if I may so denominate it—which bespeaks its luxuriant origin ere it was transported from the New World, to vegetate at Youghal. But the potatoe is not only a plentiful, but a wholesome root. 'The history of the potatoe,' says a modern elegant medical writer, 'is perhaps not less extraordinary, and is strikingly illustrative of the omnipotent influence of authority: the introduction of this valuable plant received, for more than two centuries, an unexampled opposition from vulgar prejudices, which all the philosophy of the age was unable to dissipate, until Louis the Fifteenth wore a bunch of the flowers of the potatoe in the midst of his court on a day of festivity; the people then, for the first time, obsequiously acknowledged its utility, and began to express their astonishment at the apathy which had so long prevailed with respect to its general cultivation. That which authority thus established, time and experience has fully ratified; and scientific research has extended the numerous resources which this plant is so wonderfully calculated to furnish; thus its stalk, considered as a textile plant, produces in Austria a cottony flax; in Sweden, sugar is extracted from its root; by combustion, its different parts yield a very reasonable quantity of potash; its apples, when ripe, ferment and yield vinegar by exposure; or spirit by distillation; its tubercles, made into a pulp, as a substitute for soap in bleaching; cooked by steam, the potatoe is the most wholesome and nutritious, and, at the same time, the most economical of all vegetable aliments; by various manipulations, it furnishes two kinds of flour, a gruel, and a parenchyma, which, in times of scarcity, may be made into bread, or applied to increase the bulk of bread made from grain; to the invalid it furnishes both aliment and medicine; its starch is not in the least inferior to Indian arrow root; and Doctor Latham has lately shown, that an extract may be

\* The American Indians used tobacco only for its scent: they made use of a pipe resembling the letter Y. The two branches were inserted in the nostrils, and the burning weed placed in the stems. Did snuff-taking originate from this practice?

prepared from its leaves and flowers which possess valuable properties as an anodyne remedy.'

Sir Richard Phillips, who can see farther into the world than Sir Isaac Newton—for he is familiar with its *motions*, and damns *attraction*—lives upon potatoes. He knows no more of animal food than a strict Brahmin; and being a modern Pythagorean, he is an unimpeachable authority upon questions of vegetable diet. 'The principal nutritious ingredient of vegetables,' he says, 'is starch, and the potatoe, in proportion to its bulk of solid matter, contains a very considerable portion of it, and is, therefore, nutritious and wholesome. It does not contain that viscid gluey substance, called *gluten*, which is so abundant in wheat, and enables us, by its binding and adhesive quality, to make paste and loaves with flour and water, and therefore the potatoe is more digestible than puddings or unfermented bread, and generally even more so than the best bread itself. From the same cause, it is difficult to make bread with potatoes; and if they are even mixed with flour, the bread soon dries and crumbles. As an article of diet, a larger quantity of potatoe will be required for the support of life than would be requisite of bread; for, according to the analysis of some French chemists, the bulk of the potatoe is made up principally of fluid, and contains but twenty-five parts in a hundred of nutritious matter. As the potatoe is easily broken down by the mouth, and readily divided and acted upon when it goes into the stomach, it is quickly digested, and produces therefore neither flatulence nor acidity, particularly if they are mealy, which they should always be; the waxy potatoe should be rejected. To have the potatoe in perfection is to roast it, by which its watery parts are dissipated, its nutritive princi-

ple concentrated, and a superior flavour communicated, which is peculiar to this mode of dressing it; but in roasting the potatoe much waste is incurred, a circumstance sometimes of some moment. Many persons dress their potatoes by putting them over the fire in an iron pot without water. They are in this case roasted by the heat of the fire, and steamed in their own vapour, and the flavour partakes somewhat of the nature of both processes; next to roasting, the most eligible mode is steaming; and lastly, boiling. In this latter mode, the potatoes should be of equal size, whether large or small, and put with their skins on into water, just sufficient to cover them, in an uncovered saucepan. As soon as the water boils, strain it off, and pour on the same quantity of cold water, with plenty of salt, and after the potatoes are boiled enough, let them stand without water over the fire several minutes to dry. By these means they will not break, but will be done equally through their whole substance.'

How minute! It makes my mouth water! Sir Richard then contrasts the potatoe with other food. 'Peas,' he says, 'are difficult of digestion, and prove extremely flatulent.' Beans are liable to the same objection; and what are called *greens* are of a watery nature, and contain very little aliment. Cabbage is undeserving of fire and water, unless in case of repletion. Turnips are not worth eating, and radishes, cucumbers, and water-cresses, had better be rejected by every man who desires to live beyond forty.

This is an episode, but not an useless one: it has something to do with the improvements of Ireland,—a subject of too much importance to be discussed in a single article. I shall therefore return to it.

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#### SERENADE.

COME down—come down from your lattice high,  
For the moon rides fair thro' the summer sky,  
The breeze is mute, and the lake is bright,  
And hearts are awake that love the night.

Like thee—like thee the night is fair,  
Then come, to the bower of love repair;  
I have built a shrine in its leafy core,  
Where thou'lt be the goddess, and I'll adore.

Cork.

J. A. SHEA.



## FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.\*

HAD the author of these little volumes made a journey to Rajahpootan, he would have saved himself a world of useless trouble, and secured his readers from the irksomeness of undesired dozing. In that interesting region of the East he would have found proof in abundance of the hypothesis which his two volumes have been written to overturn. There he would have discovered the Gothic bard and the Celtic 'Furor,' the German dwarf, the Irish Banshee, and the English Tom Thumb, under those slight modifications which strange religions and national modes of thinking necessarily impose. No people have any peculiar claim to their own tales and superstitions. They are the property of the world, and each and all have that about them which points to their Eastern origin. This must necessarily have been the case; the neighbourhood of Caucasus, or somewhere thereabouts, was the cradle of mankind; the Celts came first into Europe, and brought with them, of course, their fairies and superstitions; the Goths followed, and, doubtless, did not come unaccompanied by those goblins and traditions which amused and terrified their fathers. The third and last horde which favoured us with a visit were Sarmatians; and, even in Poland and Russia, where they settled, after some hard fighting to get farther on, we find the superstitions of the north and the south. The leading features of this supernatural race are every where the same; but in minor points there is some difference. The popular notion creates strange modifications; every thing in the abstract must bend to general opinion; thus the witty preacher always talked of burning in the summer and of freezing in winter.

The author of 'Fairy Mythology' seems to have a very imperfect knowledge of the origin of the European people, and hence his erroneous notions respecting the 'good people' whose history he has undertaken to write. He departs from the generally received opinion, which ascribes an Asiatic origin to the Fairies, and insists that every people have a peculiar species of their own. His book, however, very satisfactorily refutes this opinion. There is no dissimilarity in his varieties. His dwarfs of Germany are the same as his elves of the North, and without travelling out of his native country he might have found specimens of all the wonders he has produced. His classification was quite needless, indeed it was useless, for all his illustrations would have come under any one of his headings. Under the head of 'German Mythology' we find the following.

'A midwife related that her mother was one night called up, and desired to make haste and come to the aid of a woman in labour.—

It was dark, but she notwithstanding got up and dressed herself, and went down, where she found a man waiting. She begged of him to stay till she should get a lantern, and she would go with him; but he was urgent, said he would show her the way without a lantern, and that there was no fear of her going astray. He then bandaged her eyes, at which she was terrified, and was going to cry out; but he told her she was in no danger, and might go with him without any apprehension. They accordingly went away together, and the woman remarked that he struck the water with a rod, and that they went down deeper and deeper till they came into a room, in which there was no one but the lying-in woman.

'Her guide now took the bandage off her eyes, led her up to the bed, and recommending her to his wife, went away. She then helped to bring the babe into the world, put the woman to bed, washed the babe, and did every thing that was requisite.

\* The woman, grateful to the midwife, then secretly said to her, "I am a Christian woman as well as you; and I was carried off by a water-man, who changed me. Whenever I bring a child into the world he always eats it on the third day. Come on the third day to your pond, and you will see the water turned to blood. When my husband comes in now and offers you money, take no more from him than you usually get, or else he will twist your neck. Take good care!"

'Just then the husband came in. He was in a great passion, and he looked all about: and when he saw that all had gone on properly he bestowed great praise on the midwife. He then threw a great heap of money on the table, and said, "Take as much as you will!" She, however, prudently answered, "I desire no more from you than from others, and that is a small sum. If you give me that, I am content; if you think it too much, I ask nothing from you but to take me home again."—"It is God," says he, "has directed you to say that." He paid her then the sum she mentioned, and conducted her home honestly. She was, however, afraid to go to the pond at the appointed day.'

Now this tale is familiar to every people on the globe. We have heard it in the West of England ourselves, and it is popular in Ireland, though mentioned in neither 'Fairy Legends' nor 'Fairy Mythology.' A writer in the 'Dublin and London' for September, 1825, has narrated the story.

In the north of Ireland, it appears, the 'good people' are called ganconers; and the ointment which opened the midwife's eyes, is

\* The Fairy Mythology. Post 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1826. Ainsworth.  
March, 1828.

known to have produced a similar effect in Scotland. Thus the world is less inventive than is generally supposed: the German Fairies have their shoe-makers as well as the Irish: the Scotch Brownie, and the English Robin Goodfellow, are one and the same person: both are fond of good eating, and both strike work when payment is made. German elves—hairy all over—have precisely the same qualities: and the Gob of Sweden belongs to the same family. All these gentlemen were hatched in the great shop of goblins and nations.

In southern Europe he intimates that nothing Gothic could be found; yet he gives a tale which is as much Gothic as the dwarfs of Scandinavia. 'The Lutin,' a black horse who drowns half a score children, at page 294, is nothing less than the River Horse of Scotland, and the Water Spirit of Germany. Procopius knew them of old; and thirty years ago they frequented the highways and byeways of the North, ready saddled and bridled, to induce the incautious travellers to mount. This is also the celebrated Headless Horse of Germany; the coal Black Steed of Odin; the aquatic Horse of Northern Europe.

Nothing new under the sun: Tam O'Shanter had as narrow escape in Scandinavia as in Scotland. Our author himself has illustrated the fact by the following tradition.

'Between the villages of Marup and Aagerup in Zealand, there is said to have lain a great castle, the ruins of which are still to be seen near the strand. Tradition relates that a great treasure is concealed among them, and that a great dragon there watches over three kings' ransoms. Here too people frequently happen to get a sight of the underground folk, especially about festival-times, for then they have dancing and great jollity going on down on the strand.

'One Christmas-eve, a farmer's servant in the village of Aagerup went to his master and asked him if he might take a horse and ride down to look at the Troll-meeting. The farmer not only gave him leave but desired him to take the best horse in the stable; so he mounted and rode away down to the strand. When he was come to the place he stopped his horse, and stood for some time looking at the company who were assembled in great numbers. And while he was wondering to see how well and how gaily the little dwarfs danced, up came a Troll to him, and invited him to dismount, and take a share in their dancing and merriment. Another Troll came jumping up, took his horse by the bridle, and held him while the man got off, and went down and danced away merrily with them the whole night long.

'When it was drawing near day he returned them his very best thanks for his entertainment, and mounted his horse to return home to Aagerup. They now gave him an invita-

tion to come again on new-year's night, as they were then to have great festivity; and a maiden who held a gold cup in her hand invited him to drink the stirrup-cup. He took the cup, but as he had some suspicion of them, he, while he made as if he was raising the cup to his mouth, threw the drink out over his shoulder, so that it fell on the horse's back, and it immediately singed off all the hair. He then clapped spurs to his horse's sides and rode away with the cup in his hand over a ploughed field.

'The Trolls instantly gave chase all in a body, but being hard set to get over the deep furrows, they shouted out, without ceasing,

"Ride on the lay,  
And not on the clay."

He, however, never minded them, but kept to the ploughed field. However, when he drew near the village he was forced to ride out on the level road, and the Trolls now gained on him every minute. In his distress he prayed unto God, and he made a vow that if he should be delivered he would bestow the cup on the church.

'He was now riding along just by the wall of the churchyard, and he hastily flung the cup over it, that it at least might be secure. He then pushed on at full speed, and at last got into the village; and just as they were on the point of catching hold of the horse, he sprung in through the farmer's gate, and the man slapt the wicket after him. He was now safe, but the Trolls were so enraged, that, taking up a huge great stone, they flung it with such force against the gate, that it knocked four planks out of it.

'There are no traces now remaining of that house, but the stone is still lying in the middle of the village of Aagerup. The cup was presented to the church, and the man got in return the best farm-house on the lands of Eriksholm.'

Here, also, we find the following superstition.

'The hill-people are excessively frightened during thunder. When, therefore, they see bad weather coming on, they lose no time in getting to the shelter of their hills. This terror is also the cause of their not being able to endure the beating of a drum; they take it to be the rolling of thunder. It is therefore a good receipt for banishing them to beat a drum every day in the neighbourhood of their hills, for they immediately pack up and depart to some more quiet residence.

'A farmer lived once in great friendship and unanimity with a hill-man, whose hill was his lands. One time when his wife was lying in, it gave him some degree of perplexity to think that he could not well avoid inviting the hill-man to the christening, which might not improbably bring him into bad repute with the priest and the other people of the village. He was going about pondering deeply, but

in vain, how he might get out of this dilemma, when it came into his head to ask the advice of the boy that kept his pigs, who was a great head-piece, and had often helped him before. The pig-boy instantly undertook to arrange the matter with the hill-man in such a manner that he should not only stay away without being offended, but moreover give a good christening present.

'Accordingly, when it was night he took a sack on his shoulder, went to the hill-man's hill, knocked, and was admitted. He delivered his message, giving his master's compliments, and requesting the honour of his company at the christening. The hill-man thanked him, and said, "I think it is but right that I should give you a christening-gift." With these words he opened his money-chests, bidding the boy to hold up his sack while he poured money into it. "Is there enough now?" said he, when he had put a good quantity into it. "Many give more, few give less," replied the boy.

'The hill-man then fell again to filling the sack, and again asked, "Is there enough now?" The boy lifted up the sack a little off the ground to try if he was able to carry any more, and then answered, "It is about what most people give." Upon this the hill-man emptied the whole chest into the bag, and once more asked, "Is there enough now?" The guardian of the pigs now saw that there was as much in it now as ever he was able to carry, so he made answer, "No one gives more, most people give less."

"Come, now," said the hill-man, "let us hear who else is to be at the christening?" "Ah," said the boy, "we are to have a great parcel of strangers and great people. First and foremost, we are to have three priests and a bishop!" "Hem!" muttered the hill-man; "however, these gentlemen usually look only after the eating and drinking, they will never take any notice of me. Well, who else?" "Then we have asked St. Peter and St. Paul." "Hem! hem! however there will be a by-place for me behind the stove. Well, and then?" "Then our lady herself is coming!" "Hem! hem! hem! however, guests of such high rank come late and go away early. But tell me, my lad, what sort of music is it you are to have?" "Music!" said the boy, "why, we are to have drums." "Drums!" repeated he, quite terrified; "no, no, thank you, I shall stay at home in that case. Give my best respects to your master, and I thank him for the invitation, but I cannot come. I did but once go out to take a little walk, and some people beginning to beat a drum, I hurried home, and was just got to my door when they flung the drum-stick after me and broke one of my shins. I have been lame of that leg ever since, and I shall take good care in future to avoid that sort of music." So saying, he helped the boy

to put the sack on his back, once more charging him to give his best respects to the farmer.'

Before we quit the northern regions, we shall make another extract.

'There lived once near Tiis lake two lonely people, who were sadly plagued with a changeling, given them by the under-ground people instead of their own child, which had not been baptized in time. This changeling behaved in a very strange and uncommon manner, for when there was no one in the place, he was in great spirits, ran up the walls like a cat, sat under the roof, and shouted and bawled away lustily; but sat dozing at the end of the table when any one was in the room with him. He was able to eat as much as any four, and never cared what it was that was set before him: but though he regarded not the quality of his food, in quantity he was never satisfied, and gave excessive annoyance to every one in the house.

'When they had tried for a long time in vain how they could best get rid of him, since there was no living in the house with him, a smart girl pledged herself that she would banish him from the house. She accordingly, while he was out in the fields, took a pig and killed it, and put it, hide, hair, and all, into a black pudding, and set it before him when he came home. He began, as was his custom, to gobble it up, but when he had eaten for some time, he began to relax a little in his efforts, and at last he sat quite still, with his knife in his hand, looking at the pudding.

'At length, after sitting for some time in this manner, he began—"A pudding with hide!—and a pudding with hair!—a pudding with eyes!—and a pudding with legs in it! Well, three times have I seen a young wood by Tiis lake, but never yet did I see such a pudding! The devil himself may stay here now for me!" So saying, he ran off with himself, and never more came back again.'

The origin of Tiis Lake, as narrated in the same volume, reminds us of similar traditions in Scotland. Dr. Smith has given the world the poetical story of Bera. A fatal spring arose, and to her was committed the charge of it. When the hour of sun-set arrived, it was her daily duty to cover it with a stone, on which were engraven some mysterious characters. One evening she omitted the task, and next morning the valley was covered with the wide-spread waters of Loch Awe. 'Loch Lane's Wave' had a similar origin. A giant was employed to watch an enchanted spring, which a large stone covered. A neighbouring woman, with the curiosity natural to her sex, longed to see what was beneath it. The guard was a repulsive fellow; but still she approached him. Her first look did wonders: she opened her mouth; he was charmed; but when she spoke, he could refuse her nothing: the fatal stone was removed, and—in five



minutes the tops of 'the round towers of other days,' for miles round, wore several fathoms under water!

A loch in the county of Westmeath, according to Sir John Piers, in his *Cosmography of the county of Meath*, had a different origin. A fairy woman was about giving a party, and thinking an excursion upon water would be a novelty, sent to her sister in Connaught, who had a charming lake at her door, for a loan of it. The request was granted; and the loch, sewed up in a blanket, was transmitted through the air like a balloon! It became its new station so well that the possessor refused to restore it.

The mention of mysterious characters said to be impressed upon the stones, savours strongly of the talismans of Eastern magic. Some of the Gothic dwarfs possessed these talismans under a different name: even the Runic mythology is oriental. The wild reveries of the Edda may be traced to Chaldee cosmogony. The superstitions of mankind bear on the very face of them, if we may use the expression, evidence of a common origin; but yet they have been so modified in their descent to modern times as to seem as illustrations not only of history, but of the human mind. Popular Tales and Traditions are well worthy of notice; and those who, like M. Grimm, take the trouble of collecting and publishing them, must be regarded as pleasing contributors to our stores of amusement and knowledge. For this reason we are even willing to commend the author of 'Fairy Mythology,' although he has performed the task but indifferently. He is evidently a young man, unaccustomed to that laborious process of thinking which is necessary to arrive at truth, where conflicting evidence is produced; and, from his own statement, we learn that he underrated considerably the difficulties of the task. With the subject he was, until lately, totally unacquainted; and his first step towards qualifying himself was the contributing a few traditions to 'Fairy Legends,' which appear to have been a joint production. A few German volumes, an Italian book or two, and the notes to Sir Walter Scott's poems, were his principal sources of information. Of the superstitions of Spain and Portugal he knows nothing, and respecting those of England he inquired of two servant maids; they believed in fairies, and this is all that he has to say upon the matter. His materials were, therefore, necessarily scanty; and though some of the illustrative tales are pleasing enough, the accompanying remarks have little to recommend them. A work on the subject is still a desideratum.

In our notice of the Irish Fairies we gave, as we thought, a pretty correct account of that strange being the Leprechaun. Our author thinks it is exclusively Irish, and inserts the following story, related by an old

woman, who had seen three of them together, a thing rather uncommon.

'Well, ma'am, you see it was when I was just about the age of Mary, there. I was coming home late one Monday evening from the market; for my aunt Kitty, God be merciful to her! kept me to take a cup of tea.—It was in the summer time you see, ma'am, much about the middle of June, and it was through the fields I came. Well, ma'am, as I said, it was late in the evening, that is, the sun was near going down, and the light was straight in my eyes, and I came along through the bog-meadow; for it was shortly after I was married to him that's gone, and we were living in this very house, that you're now in: and then when I came to the castle-field—the pathway, you know, ma'am, goes right through the middle of it—and it was then as fine a field of wheat, just shot out, as you'd wish to look at; and it was a pretty sight to see it waving so beautifully with every air of wind that was going over it, dancing like to the music of a thrush, that was singing down below in the hedge. Well, ma'am, I crossed over the stile that's there yet, and went along fair and easy, till I was near about the middle of the field, when something made me cast my eyes to the ground, a little before me; and then I saw, as sure as I'm sitting here, no less nor three of the Leprechauns, all bundled together like so many tailors, in the middle of the path before me. They were not hammering their pumps, or making any kind of noise whatever; but there they were, the three little fellows, with their cocked hats upon them, and their legs *gothered* up under them, working away at their trade as hard as may be. If you were only to see, ma'am, how fast their little elbows went as they pulled out their ends!—Well, every one of them had his eye cocked upon me, and their eyes were as bright as the eyes of a frog, and I could not stir one step from the spot for the life of me. So I turned my head round, and prayed to the Lord in his mercy to deliver me from them, and when I went to look at them again, ma'am, not a sight of them was to be seen: they were gone like a dream.'

'But, Molly, why did you not catch them?'

'I was afeard, ma'am, that's the truth of it; but maybe I was as well without them. I never heard tell of a Leprechaun yet that was not too many for any one that *cotch* him.'

'Well, and Molly, do you think there are any Leprechauns now?'

'It's my belief, ma'am, they're all gone out of the country, clever and clean, along with the Fairies; for I never hear tell now of them at all.'

The work is illustrated by some pleasing wood-cuts, and etchings on copper by Mr. Brooke. The author's name is, we understand, Keightley.

## IRISH LITERATURE.—NO. II.

## THE CORK POETS.

WHEN we asserted that the Irish literati were, upon the whole, gainers by the political and literary identity of these countries, we did not mean to deny that there were individual exceptions. One consequence of the implied compact is a diminution of self-respect in the feeblar party; for as words may sometimes be considered things, it followed, from an association of ideas, that as the name of Ireland became of secondary consideration, the inhabitants of that country, as a people, ceased, in some measure, to regard themselves as co-equals, and never assumed a real or fictitious superiority. Foreigners necessarily estimated them by their own standard, and hence the humble posture of Ireland in matters of politics and literature. This was a natural, but not a necessary consequence. The Scotch were similarly situated; but their national egotism counteracted political tendencies, and now they are not only respected by themselves, but esteemed by the world.

Irishmen acted differently; the influential part of them viewed England as Columbus did America, through a medium coloured and distorted by their own fancies; every comparison they drew was unfavourable to their country and countrymen; and such of them as found it convenient, hastened to quit their native shores for the plains of an imaginary *El Dorado*; while those who remained at home, like the sickly unpatriotic Parnell, never ceased to mourn the severity of their lot. This operated upon public opinion, and ultimately produced that national cant which now—however widely credited—disgusts every rational man acquainted with the circumstances of neighbouring nations. Every thing from the more favoured people was preferred; the gay and the wealthy dressed and lisped after the English fashion; and every thing in the Irish metropolis, from the make of a horseshoe to the building of a church, was after a British model. Merit could not pass current until registered on the other side of the channel; and play actors and statesmen alike borrowed attitudes and politics from their more accomplished neighbours. For the last fifty years, however, it has been sus-

pected that this state of things should not be allowed to exist; but the notion had gone too far abroad to be speedily counteracted; habits of thinking had been confirmed; and up to the present moment the influence of erroneous opinions is in full operation. Public characters, and young men ambitious of essaying an oration, it is true, have assumed of late a tone of more decided patriotism, but still they let fall enough to convince the world that even they are not free from that unholy spell which keeps their country in an attitude of painful humiliation.

Much of this opinion, which has operated so unfavourably, was owing, no doubt, to the state of public feeling in regard to religion. Ireland has always been, though not in point of law, a Catholic country, and consequently every thing purely Irish bore a Catholic hue. Paddy might be allowed to work hard, and, with some tuition, well; but, as catholicism was regarded by its opponents as unfavourable to the growth of mind, it was supposed that he could not think correctly. Among other things, therefore, Englishmen, who have a very proper opinion of themselves, laughed at the productions of the Irish press without having taken the trouble of estimating their value, damned Irish oratory by an apposite epithet, and identified Irish publications with bulls and blunders. Looked up to as superiors, they could not be wrong; Protestants soon fell into their opinion, and as influential Catholics have always shown a laudable desire of conforming to fashionable canons, the point was soon settled. The consequence was an almost total neglect of the Irish press; it ceased to indicate existence, except in the form of newspapers; and those who possessed talents had, therefore, only one alternative—either to emigrate, or resign all hope of literary distinction. All opportunity of displaying their talents at home was denied them; popular prejudice was against them; and if these impediments were overcome, still their merit had not been stamped by British criticism, and could not, therefore, pass current.

In consequence of this state of things, many a 'flower was born to blush unseen' in the recesses of Ireland. Scot-

land has had her Burns, her Ferguson, and her Cunningham; England her Bloomfield, her Chatterton, and her Clare; but Irish literature presents a blank, unless we ascend to those higher regions of intellect, where indeed her children are neither few nor unsuccessful. Recently things have begun to assume a more favourable appearance; the Irish press has given signs of animation, and more than one creditable production of a native muse now lie before us in the form of well printed tomes. To these we shall recur at a future time; at present we must confine ourselves to the Cork poets, whose attainments deserve to be known beyond the limits of Munster.

Commerce has every where been the harbinger of literature and refinement. Not that tradesmen have always much taste for the arts which adorn life, but because their occupation, by increasing wealth, produces luxury and that appetite for pleasure which arises among mankind only to be gratified. We do not recollect that Cork, from the days of Ollam Fodhla to those of Brien Borombhe, abounded in bards: and Smith, in his History of the County and City, has recorded few names which can now be associated with the charms of song. Millikin, the humorous author of the 'Groves of Blarney,' was, we believe, the first distinguished votary of the muses which Cork produced; and if we are not mistaken, he stood alone, and

left no successor—at least of any merit. This paucity of literary names led the north to assume an intellectual superiority. Belfast was called the Athens of Ireland; and the capital of Munster was supposed to be too deep in fog and slaughter-houses to produce a poet. Modern times, however, have vindicated the reputation of the south; the most commercial city in Ireland abounds at this moment in men of mind, with poets of undoubted genius, some of them possessing talents not a whit inferior to those which have deservedly placed 'the poet of all circles' at the head of modern bards. This is high praise, but it is given on no slight grounds. We shall now enable the reader to judge for himself.

Our first extracts will consist of selections from the fugitive, and we doubt not careless, productions of Mr. J. J. Callanan. This young gentleman, we are given to understand, received a part of his education at Maynooth; but declining to enter into holy orders, he found refuge in Trinity College, where he carried off the poetical prize on different occasions. The manner in which the reward was dispensed disgusted Mr. Callanan, and he retired to his native city. The situation of a private tutor was his next resort, and during the intervals of leisure which his irksome employment afforded, he amused himself in writing occasional pieces—among others the following:

#### THE VIRGIN MARY'S BARK.

THE evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,  
As to the lone and solemn beach the Virgin came to pray,  
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow fall,  
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was the brightest of them all.  
Slow moving o'er the waters a gallant bark appeared,  
And her joyous crew look'd from the deck as to the land she near'd;  
To the calm and shelter'd haven she floated like a swan,  
And her wings of snow, o'er the waves below, in pride and beauty shone.  
The master saw 'our lady' as he stood upon the prow,  
And mark'd the whiteness of her robe and the radiance of her brow;  
Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,  
And her eyes look'd up amongst the stars to HIM her soul lov'd best.  
He show'd her to his sailors, and he hail'd her with a cheer,  
And on the kneeling Virgin they gaz'd with laugh and jeer,  
And madly swore a form so fair they never saw before,  
And they curs'd the faint lagging breeze that kept them from the shore.  
The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,  
And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their queen,  
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land,  
And the scoffing crew beheld no more the lady on the strand.  
Out burst the growling thunder, and the lightning leap'd about,  
And rushing with its watery war the tempest gave a shout,



And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with thund'ring shock,  
 And her timbers flew, like scatter'd spray, on Inchidony's rock.  
 Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and high,  
 But the angry surge swept over them and hush'd their gurgling cry;  
 And, with a hoarse exulting tone, the tempest passed away,  
 And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant waters lay.  
 When the calm and purple morning shone out on high Dunmore,  
 Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchidony's shore;  
 And to this day the fisherman shows where these scoffers sank,  
 And still he calls that hillock green, the Virgin Mary's bank.

This is beautiful; it evinces a chastened fancy, a pure judicious taste, sublimity of conception, and a sweetness of expression, that charm and surprise. The picture which he draws is perfect: it speaks to the heart; and while it bids defiance to the artist, it does not stand in need of his skill to impress the images sought to be conveyed fully and indelibly upon the mind. We question if Scott has written any thing superior to it. Mr. Callanan has also written a poem upon 'Gougane Barra;' but as it appeared recently in a popular publication, we shall content ourselves with referring to it. The following is in a different strain. It is addressed to a lady.

Lady—the lyre thou bid'st me take,  
 No more can breathe the minstrel strain;  
 The cold and trembling notes I wake,  
 Fall on the ear like plashing rain;  
 For days of suffering and of pain,  
 And nights that lull'd no care for me,  
 Have tam'd my spirit—then in vain  
 Thou bid'st me wake my harp for thee.

But could I sweep my ocean lyre,  
 As once this feeble hand could sweep;  
 Or catch once more the thought of fire,  
 That lit the Mizen's stormy steep;  
 Or bid the fancy cease to sleep,  
 That once could soar on pinion free,  
 And dream I was not born to weep;  
 O then I'd wake my harp for thee.

And now 'tis only friendship's call,  
 That bids my slumbering lyre awake,  
 It long hath slept in sorrow's hall;  
 Again that slumber it must seek;  
 Not even the light of beauty's cheek,  
 Or blue eye beaming kind and free,  
 Can bid its mournful numbers speak;  
 Then, lady, ask no lay from me.

Yet if on Desmond's mountain wild,  
 By glens I love, or ocean cave,  
 Nature once more should own her child,  
 And give the strength that once she gave;  
 If He who lights my path should save,  
 And what I was I yet may be,  
 Then, lady, by green Erin's wave,  
 I'll gladly wake my harp for thee.

One extract more and we have done.

THE ROSE OF THE DESERT.

'Tis the Rose of the Desert  
 So lonely, so wild,  
 On the green leaf of freedom  
 It's infancy smil'd,  
 In the languish of beauty  
 It buds o'er the thorn,  
 And it's leaves are all wet  
 With the bright tears of morn.

Yet, 'tis better, thou fair one,  
 To dwell thus alone,  
 Than recline on a bosom  
 Less pure than thy own;  
 Thy form is too lovely  
 To be torn from it's stem,  
 And thy breath is too sweet  
 For the children of men.

Bloom on then in secret,  
 Sweet child of the waste,  
 Where no lip of profaner  
 Thy fragrance shall taste;  
 Bloom on where no footstep  
 Unhallow'd hath trod,  
 And give all thy blushes  
 And sweets to thy God!

These extracts, or we are greatly mistaken, would justify any extent of praise. We shall say nothing further in their favour; they are calculated to make a proper impression upon minds accessible to the charms of genuine poetry. Mr. Callanan, we understand, is about to publish a volume of his poems; he will be only doing justice to himself; and we need not add that we shall rejoice to meet the effusions of his muse in a permanent form.

Mr. Shea, the author of 'Rudekki,' is also a native of Cork, in which city he now resides. This gentleman's poetry is characterized by great correctness and a certain polish that evince the care with which he writes; his similies are elaborate and classical; his epithets happy and descriptive; but the extreme caution he manifests gives to his poetry an air of feebleness which does not properly belong to it. In 'The London and Dublin Magazine' copious extracts were given

from his 'Rudekki.' In the same volume was copied by the same journal. There are some minor pieces of acknowledged following is from a poem which he is merit, particularly 'The Exile,' which now preparing for the press.

The valleys rejoic'd as he passed along,  
 For his lute was full of the soul of song,  
 And Echo broke from her sleep of night,  
 And followed his steps with a soft delight.  
 And the girls of Provence lov'd to stray,  
 By the place where the minstrel's lute was sighing,  
 And hear the waterfall far away  
 As if to the tones of that replying.  
 But of all the maidens that lov'd to listen  
 Where the spell of his music fill'd the air,  
 And long'd to behold the star-light glisten,  
 As it brought the moment of bliss more near,  
 There was one—and—oh God! to see that face,  
 And to look awhile on its heaven of grace—  
 And behold the coal-black ringlets shining  
 And over her forehead of snow reclining,—  
 And to see the flash of her sunny eye,  
 And to feel the breath of her balmy sigh—  
 Then her voice, more sweet than the streamlet flows,  
 From lips that rivall'd the mountain rose,  
 And to gaze, with feelings of truth awhile,  
 On her dimpling cheek with its innocent smile,  
 And to see her form as it onward sped,  
 Like an angel that glides to the sinner's bed—  
 But who hath seen and told as seen  
 The spirit and form of Beauty's Queen—  
 And when may the pen of the poet tell  
 The charms of the beautiful Isabel?  
 No care—no sigh did her spirit bow—  
 And few were the summers that brighten'd her brow,  
 And her step was light and her heart was gay  
 As the fawn's that plays thro' the fields in May;  
 And 'twere pity that she in her beauty's pride  
 Should ever become the Spectre's bride.  
 But, alas! when the tempest the valley seeks,  
 The fairest flower is the first it breaks;  
 And she lov'd with the minstrel of night to dwell,  
 And hear, young hearts, how the maiden fell.

We beg now to introduce to the notice of the reader Mr. Joseph O'Leary, a gentleman of varied talents, who has written many pieces of considerable merit. The following stanzas will speak for themselves.

A FRAGMENT.

Fare thee well! oh, 'tis well  
 That I knew thee no longer;  
 That passion's wild swell  
 In my breast grew no stronger;  
 That still from my heart  
 The fierce sting I can sever,  
 Ere the wound grew so deep  
 As to rankle for ever.  
 Sweet! had I but known thee  
 In happier minute,  
 This heart might have shown thee  
 What fondness was in it;

But that which the storms  
 Of a dark world hath blighted,  
 Can ne'er with a pure soul  
 Like thine be united.  
 You came o'er my pathway  
 As fair and as fleeting,  
 As a flower on the stream  
 When its wave is retreating:  
 A sun-burst of light  
 When the tempest is waging,  
 A star in the night,  
 When torn ocean is raging.  
 Thou leav'st me, and gloom  
 Will again gather round me;  
 Even so—let it come—  
 'Twill but find as it found me:  
 I heed not the darkness—  
 I've borne it—can bear it—  
 I dread not the tempest,  
 So thou dost not share it.

The next was occasioned by the inscription of 'Who is she?' engraved upon a fruit knife.

Who is she?—Is the spell  
Of beauty on her brow?  
Or does her pale cheek tell  
The breach of plighted vow?  
Does she among the gay  
Run pleasure's giddy round?  
Or is she mid the holy haunts  
Of meditation found?  
Who is she?—Is her heart  
Young passion's burning shrine?  
Or did its early dream depart,  
And leave it cold as mine?  
Did all the visions fade  
Gay fancy loves to nurse?  
And have their parting footsteps left  
A blessing or a curse?  
Who is she?—Mid the fair  
Should I her form descry,  
Is her's the sunny hair,  
And still more sunny eye?  
Or doth the darker hue  
The raven's plume displays,  
Dwell on each tress? and has she all  
The falcon in her gaze?  
Who is she?—Is her thought  
Of or beyond the earth?  
Has her rich fancy caught  
Those shapes of glorious birth  
Which, in its golden dream,  
Imagination sees?  
Or does it cling to this dull world's  
More dull realities?  
Who is she?—nay, unfold  
The secret name—yet still  
I would not have it told;—  
The thousand thoughts that fill  
My guessing fancy now,  
Would vanish as they came,  
And leave instead of visions bright  
A name—an empty name.

In justice to Mr. O'Leary, we must observe that those delightful stanzas on 'Glenfinisk,' in our first volume, were from his pen; and we are quite sure that the extracts now given indicate poetical powers of a very high order. Mr. O'Leary, as well as the other Cork poets, have honoured us from time to time with their contributions.

Mr. Sholto Mackenzie may also be enumerated among the Cork poets; but as our former series was enriched by his poetical contributions, we think the fact a sufficient proof of the estimation in

which we hold his talents. Mr. Snow has also written some pleasing verses; and Mr. Bennett, who is (can he help it?) a special attorney, has shown that he can imitate Don Juan very closely.\*

In any mention of the Cork poets, Mr. Meagher, the author of 'Zedechias,' should not be forgotten. This gentleman is still a minor; but his poem, nevertheless, will bear criticism. The following is a description of the suffering Hebrews approaching to sacrifice.

Hark! listen to the uncertain moans  
Of timbrel and of psaltery,  
Rolling along like sorrowing tones  
Of harps before the deity;  
See the weak, fainting, sickly throng  
Slowly traverse that court along—  
Tott'ring ascend the holy place  
Forbidden to all but Israel's race;  
The half extinguished torch gleams on  
The silver gates, where once were told  
The mandates of the Holy one,  
From that dread place of gems and gold.  
And o'er the brazen pillars gleam  
The flambeaux by whose creeping flame  
Pale crowds are seen like ghosts at night,  
Flitting between the charnel's light,  
And hands that grasp'd them, streaming o'er  
Red—reeking with Assyrian gore  
And eyes that gaze so wild—so high!  
Like stars from out a lightening sky.

We have now redeemed our promise, and vindicated the literary character of Cork. We fear our poetical friends have encountered but indifferent patronage; but let them console themselves with the reflection that indifference to poetry is a sure sign of an advanced state of civilization. 'In proportion,' says a modern philosopher, 'as men are ignorant and destitute of civilization, they are the more liable to be impressed with admiration, wonder, and surprise; and the more likely, though without skill or management, to communicate those feelings in their genuine simplicity and force. They are in a world where almost every thing is new and unaccountable, and where their observation is confined to a small number of objects. The great scenes of nature are spread before them, and successively recur in all the various forms which they assume in different seasons and situations. These, dwelling upon the imagination of the uninstructed

\* It is only justice to a patriotic and well conducted journal to observe, that 'The Cork Mercantile Chronicle,' in a great measure, called forth and tended to mature the poetical talent of nearly all those whose names we have mentioned.

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beholder, and surveyed in a variety of aspects, present new and striking images of grandeur and terror, of contrast and of resemblance, of unknown causes, magnified and misconceived by fear, or of strange and unexpected events, misrepresented by delusive prepossession. At the approaching light of knowledge, these wonders disappear; the gigantic vanishes; and the multiplied pursuits of society render mankind acquainted with the new, familiar with the great, and conversant in the minute parts of nature. Their poetic imagery of course changes its character, and losing its enthusiastic ardour, sinks gradually into the temper of cool thought and reflection.'

Again—'The improvement of poetry as an art, so far as it depends upon culture and experience, is naturally progressive; but when this art has attained a certain degree of perfection, like all others derived from the mere exercise of imagination, it is rendered stationary; after which it begins to decline, and hastens to its final extinction. While the impressions of the poet are weakened by the progress of knowledge, and by a familiar acquaintance with the objects of nature, his powers are, doubtless, in another view, increased by storing his mind with a greater number of ideas, by collecting and combining a greater diversity of images and events, and by the capacity he acquires of arranging and disposing them to the best advantage. The poetry of rude nations consists of separate lineaments, and of unconnected incidents; but from the natural advancement of the art, in a civilized and refined age, these disjointed members are united in a regular system, and produce a finished performance. The volume of nature is expanded; the range of imagination is enlarged; the discrimination of what is interesting and agreeable is improved: and by the union and co-operation of many beautiful parts, the mind is detained in a labyrinth of pleasing emotions. But in proportion to the degree of excellence that has been attained, the standard of perfection is exalted; and the readers of poetry, tired with the repetition of similar objects and exhibitions, become severe and fastidious critics, quick and expert in discovering and censuring blemishes. Conscious, therefore, of what is suspected, every succeeding candidate for fame must en-

deavour to surpass his predecessors by new images or combinations; by adorning each part with a greater accumulation of beauties, and by enriching the whole with a greater variety of parts. But there is a certain point beyond which the progress of embellishment ceases to be agreeable, and more is lost by deviation from simplicity than is gained by additional decoration. By crowding together a number, even of beautiful objects, the impression of each is diminished, the attention is dissipated in a multiplicity of particulars, and the general effect is proportionably impaired. By excessive ornament, the figures appear loaded with artificial trappings; and the piece becomes gaudy and inelegant. The more interesting and genuine appearances of nature are, at the same time, exhausted; and it becomes necessary to substitute others of inferior value. The grand and the sublime are deserted in the pursuit of mere novelty and variety; and a corrupted taste becomes more habituated to factitious and sophisticated embellishments. Despairing to rival the models of a former period, the followers of the muses are at length induced to abandon the higher flights of imagination, and steering, without hazard, in a level and equable course, are content with the humbler attainments of smooth versification, and pointed expression; with figurative language, coined and carefully collected from every quarter; in a word, with prosaic tameness and languor, arrayed, according to the fashion of the times, in a pompous artificial diction. In this declining state of poetry, it becomes a natural improvement, to throw aside the mechanism of verse, and in more natural and easy expression, to exhibit such pictures of life and manners as are calculated to please the understanding, and to interest the passions. Compositions of this nature, which, considering that their chief object is mere entertainment, may be called poetical, are capable of being extended and diversified without end; and they seem peculiarly adapted to that combined exercise of the imagination and judgment which is agreeable to a refined and philosophical age.

'These observations are confirmed by the history of all those nations who have made progress in the arts and in polite literature. The sublimity of the poetical

genius among the early Greeks, not only in what is commonly called epic poetry, but in the serious compositions intended for the accompaniment of music, has been universally acknowledged; and its decline in the later periods, after it had risen to a high degree of eminence, is not less conspicuous.

#### LIFE AND VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS.\*

MR. WASHINGTON IRVING is one of those fortunate men in the republic of letters who have had fame thrust upon them. The republication in this country of an American book acquired an instant popularity for him. It was the fashion to praise; it was an imputation upon individual taste to dissent from the prevailing opinion respecting his merits. Even those sturdy critics in the Quarterly Reviews, who are not slow to 'hesitate dislike,' for once exhibited an unanimity of opinion among themselves, and seemed to confirm by their fiat the general attestation. This violence of praise has not been ultimately useful to him; for, although the reader approached his works with a prepossession in their favour, his highly excited expectations were likely to encounter disappointment; he could see in Mr. Irving nothing more than a pleasing graceful writer—an imitator of pure models certainly, but one who seemed to have divested himself of all originality. Like a timid traveller, he was never allured from the beaten path by distant beauties, however tempting; he plucked only such flowers as grew in his immediate neighbourhood, and contented himself with accomplishing just as much as others had done before him. There was nothing daring about his genius; and, conscious of this, he appeared to make up in art what he wanted in originality; he polished every sentence with 'patient touches,' and if he did not command applause, he certainly set censure at defiance. His 'Bracebridge Hall' led his admirers to suspect that this was really the case. His 'Tales of a Traveller,' unjustly condemned by those who applauded the 'Sketch Book,' confirmed their suspicion; and the work before us is not calculated to alter their opinion. Before we come, however, to any decision on the 'Life and Voyages of Columbus,' we shall put the reader in possession of the means of judging for himself.

According to some writers, America was not unknown to those nations who 'flourished and decayed' before Greece and Rome had existence: it is not improbable that they were partially acquainted with the use of the magnet in maritime affairs; and a Catholic missionary asserts that he saw an ancient map in China, on which the outline of Europe was correctly drawn, and the shores of America delineated. All this, however, stands in need of that confirmation which it can now never obtain: and those who assert that the Gothic

pirates visited the 'New World,' rest upon authorities equally as doubtful as those adduced by the advocates for a prior acquaintance with scientific knowledge by the people of the East. Newfoundland was probably discovered by those hardy pirates who traversed the Northern seas in the seventh and eighth centuries; but if they ventured further, the knowledge of the fact was lost to Europe long before the fifteenth century. At this period very imperfect notions respecting the science of cosmography were generally entertained; for although the King of Portugal had dared to patronise those who sailed on voyages of discovery, the world was opposed to all innovation. The learned of the time rested content with the knowledge handed down from the ancients: and religious men probably thought that the interest of piety was concerned in the perpetuation of things as they were. Strange as it may appear, however, we are indebted, in a great measure, to the prevailing ignorance in cosmography, and to religious enthusiasm, for a discovery of America! Columbus did not surpass his cotemporaries in scientific knowledge, nor was he a less zealous Christian than those who wasted their blood and treasure in endeavouring to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the indignity offered to it by the infidels. The advancement of the true religion was provided for in his wildest schemes; and he considered himself in the East Indies when he landed on St. Salvador.

Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa, in 1435-6. His father was a woolcomber; and, from his circumstances, was unable to give his son a very liberal education. He had an early propensity to a seafaring life.

'In tracing,' says Mr. Irving, 'the early history of a man like Columbus, whose actions have had so vast an effect on human affairs, it is interesting to notice how much has been owing to the influence of events, and how much to an inborn propensity of the mind. The most original and inventive genius grows more or less out of the times; and that strong impulse, which Columbus considered as supernatural, is unconsciously produced by the operation of external circumstances. Every now and then, thought takes some sudden and general direction; either revisiting some long neglected region of knowledge, and exploring and reopening its forgotten paths, or breaking with

\* *A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus.* By Washington Irving. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Murray.

wonder and delight into some fresh and untrodden field of discovery. It is then that an ardent and imaginative genius, catching the impulse of the day, outstrips all less gifted contemporaries, takes the lead of the throng by which it was first put in motion, and presses forward to achievements, which feeble spirits would never have adventured to attempt. We find an illustration of this remark in Columbus. The strong passion for geographical knowledge which he so early felt, and which gave rise to his after actions, was incident to the age in which he lived. Geographical discovery was the brilliant path of light which was for ever to distinguish the fifteenth century,—the most splendid era of invention in the annals of the world. During the long night of monkish bigotry and false learning, geography, with the other sciences, had been lost to the European nations. Fortunately it had not been lost to mankind; it had taken refuge in the bosom of Africa. While the pedantic schoolmen of the cloisters were wasting time and talent, and confounding erudition by idle reveries, and sophistical dialectics, the Arabian sages, assembled at Senaar, were taking the measurement of a degree of latitude, and calculating the circumference of the earth, on the vast plains of Mesopotamia.

At fourteen he began to navigate; and, as a commercial expedition at this time resembled a warlike cruise, Columbus served his apprenticeship in a rugged school. 'Surrounded,' says Mr. Irving, 'by the hardships and humilities which beset a poor adventurer in a seafaring life, he still seems to have cherished a lofty tone of thought, and to have fed his imagination with schemes of glorious enterprise. The severe and varied lessons of his youth gave him that practical knowledge, that fertility of resource, that undaunted resolution and vigilant self-command, for which he was afterwards remarkable. In this way, the fruits of bitter experience are turned to healthful aliment, by a vigorous genius and an aspiring mind.'

This era of his history is, however, covered with darkness. His son Fernando, who could have elucidated it, has left it in obscurity; and, perhaps ashamed of his humble origin, Columbus himself did not wish to communicate, even to his relatives, any particulars of his early career. It appears that he entered the service of Reinier, King of Naples, and distinguished himself on several occasions in the Mediterranean. The King of Portugal, by his liberality and policy, had attracted the learned and the adventurous to his kingdom. Among these was Christopher Columbus. Some assert that he was thrown there by accident; but others, with more probability, represent him as drawn thither by liberal curiosity and the pursuit of honourable ambition. He arrived at Lisbon in 1470.

'Minute descriptions,' says Mr. Irving, 'are given of his person by his son Fernando, by

Las Casas, and others of his contemporaries. According to these accounts, he was tall, well-formed, muscular, and of an elevated and dignified demeanour. His visage was long, and neither full nor meagre; his complexion fair and freckled, and inclined to ruddy; his nose aquiline; his cheek-bones were rather high, his eyes light grey, and apt to enkindle; his whole countenance had an air of authority. His hair, in his youthful days, was of a light colour; but care and trouble, according to Las Casas, soon turned it grey, and at thirty years of age it was quite white. He was moderate and simple in diet and apparel, eloquent in discourse, engaging and affable with strangers, and of an amiableness and suavity in domestic life that strongly attached his household to his person. His temper was naturally irritable; but he subdued it by the magnanimity of his spirit, comporting himself with a courteous and gentle gravity, and never indulging in any intemperance of language. Throughout his life he was noted for a strict attention to the offices of religion, observing rigorously the fasts and ceremonies of the church; nor did his piety consist in mere forms, but partook of that lofty and solemn enthusiasm with which his whole character was strongly tinged.'

At Lisbon he married; and on the death of his father-in-law, an experienced mariner, he came into possession of all his books and charts. These stimulated him with the desire of making discoveries; and, as a short passage to the Indies was then a *desideratum*, Columbus conceived the design of reaching these regions by a western passage. His son furnished the data upon which his plan was founded—I. The nature of things;—II. The authority of learned writers;—III. The reports of navigators. Under the first head he set down, as a fundamental principle, that the globe was round; and regarding the earth, after Alfraganus, the Arabian, as much smaller than it really is, he supposed the eastern regions of Asia to approach the western shores of Europe. By pursuing a direct course from east to west, a navigator of course could not fail to reach the extremity of Asia. The most approved authors confirmed this theory. The travels of Marco Polo and John Mandeville left no doubt of it upon his mind, and the reports of mariners served to remove any lurking suspicion of its perfect feasibility that might remain. One had taken up a piece of wood in a northern latitude which had not been carved by an iron instrument, trees had been wafted upon the Azores which did not grow upon any of these islands, and a pilot asserted that during a voyage to Ireland he had seen land to the west, which the ship's company took for some extreme part of Tartary.

'When Columbus had formed his theory, it became fixed in his mind with singular firmness, and influenced his entire character and conduct. He never spoke in doubt or hesita-



tion, but with as much certainty as if his eyes had beheld the promised land. No trial nor disappointment could afterwards divert him from the steady pursuit of his object. A deep religious sentiment mingled with his meditations, and gave them at times a tinge of superstition, but it was of a sublime and lofty kind: he looked upon himself as standing in the hand of heaven, chosen from among men for the accomplishment of its high purpose; he read, as he supposed, his contemplated discovery foretold in Holy Writ, and shadowed forth darkly in the mystic revelations of the prophets. The ends of the earth were to be brought together, and all nations, and tongues, and languages united under the banners of the Redeemer. This was to be the triumphant consummation of his enterprise, bringing the remote and unknown regions of the earth into communion with Christian Europe; carrying the light of the true faith into benighted and Pagan lands, and gathering their countless nations under the holy dominion of the church.

'The enthusiastic nature of his conceptions gave an elevation to his spirit, and a dignity and loftiness to his whole demeanour. He conferred with sovereigns almost with a feeling of equality. His views were princely and unbounded: his proposed discovery was of empires; his conditions were proportionally magnificent; nor would he ever, even after long delays, repeated disappointments, and under the pressure of actual penury, abate what appeared to be extravagant demands for a mere possible discovery.'

Columbus now opened a correspondence with a learned man at Rome, and having received additional confirmations of his theory, makes the proposition to the King of Portugal; his proposal was referred to a Junta charged with all matters relating to maritime discovery, who condemned it as visionary, and a similar opinion was pronounced by the Monarch's Council. A ship, however, was secretly dispatched in the proposed direction, but returned unsuccessful. Columbus felt justly indignant at this; and his wife having died, he quitted Portugal in 1484, and proceeded to Genoa. Here his proposal was also rejected. An interval now occurs of more than a year, in which we lose sight of his movements. Mr. Irving has not been able to supply any particulars, and does not appear to have been acquainted with Mr. Sharon Turner's inquiries on the subject.† The consequence of his way-faring life was extreme poverty; he quitted Portugal in debt, and when he first entered Spain he was under the necessity of soliciting some bread and water, at the gate of a convent, for his son. While receiving this humble refreshment he attracted the notice of Friar

Juan Perez de Marchena, a worthy, pious, and benevolent man, in whom Columbus ever afterwards found a sincere friend. They entered into conversation, and as the prior was well informed on most subjects, he quickly entered into the spirit of Columbus's theory, sent for a scientific friend, consulted some mariners of Palos, and finally engaged to take care of the boy while the father set forward to lay his proposition before the Court of Spain. At first he could not obtain an audience, and for some time supported himself by designing maps and charts. His sanguine temperament enabled him to contend with neglect and ridicule, and his manners and his merit ultimately interested in his favour Alonzo de Quintanilla, comptroller of the finances of Castile, and the Archbishop of Toledo. The prelate procured him an audience of the king. The consequence was, that an assembly of learned men met at Salamanca to hold a conference with Columbus.

'What a striking spectacle,' says Mr. Irving, 'must the hall of the old convent have presented at this memorable conference! A simple mariner, standing forth in the midst of an imposing array of professors, friars, and dignitaries of the church; maintaining his theory with natural eloquence, and, as it were, pleading the cause of the New World. We are told, that when he began to state the grounds of his belief, the friars of St. Stephen alone paid attention to him; that convent being more learned in the sciences than the rest of the university. The others appeared to have entrenched themselves behind one dogged position; that, after so many profound philosophers and cosmographers had been studying the form of the world, and so many able navigators had been sailing about it for several thousand years, it was a great presumption in an ordinary man, to suppose that there remained such a vast discovery for him to make. Several of the objections opposed by this learned body have been handed down to us, and have provoked many a sneer at the expense of the university of Salamanca. But these are proofs, not so much of the peculiar deficiency of that institution, as of the imperfect state of science at the time, and of the manner in which knowledge, though rapidly extending, was still impeded in its progress by monastic bigotry. All subjects were still contemplated through the obscure medium of those ages when the lights of antiquity were trampled out, and faith was left to fill the place of inquiry. Bewildered in a maze of religious controversy, mankind had retraced their steps and receded from the boundary line of ancient knowledge. Thus, at the very threshold of the discussion, instead of geographical objections, Columbus was assailed with citations

† Mr. Turner thinks Columbus was during this period in the employment of Richard III. See Hist. Eng. during the Mid. Ages.

from the Bible and the Testament, the book of Genesis, the psalms of David, the prophets, the epistles, and the gospels. To these were added, the expositions of various Saints and reverend commentators, St. Chrysostome and St. Augustine, St. Jerome and St. Gregory, St. Basil, and St. Ambrose, and Lactantius Firmianus, a redoubted champion of the faith. Doctrinal points were mixed up with philosophical discussions, and a mathematical demonstration was allowed no truth, if it appeared to clash with a text of Scripture, or a commentary of one of the fathers.

A few were convinced by the arguments of Columbus, but the majority, however, were inaccessible to reason, and the subject was once more doomed to neglect. Columbus now followed the movements of the court; and after years of protracted hope and successive disappointment is about to quit Spain, when he is once more invited to court.

When Columbus arrived at the court, he experienced a favourable reception, and was given in hospitable charge to his steady friend Alonzo de Quintanilla, the accountant-general. The moment, however, was too eventful for his business to receive immediate attention. He arrived in time to witness the memorable surrender of Granada to the Spanish arms. He beheld Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, sally forth from the Alhambra, and yield up the keys of that favourite seat of Moorish power; while the king and queen, with all the chivalry, and rank, and magnificence of Spain, moved forward in proud and solemn procession, to receive this token of submission. It was one of the most brilliant triumphs in Spanish history. After near eight hundred years of painful struggle, the crescent was completely cast down, the cross exalted in its place, and the standard of Spain was seen floating on the highest tower of the Alhambra. The whole court and army was abandoned to jubilee. The air resounded with shouts of joy, with songs of triumph, and hymns of thanksgiving. On every side were beheld military rejoicings and religious oblations; for it was considered a triumph, not merely of arms, but of Christianity. The king and queen moved in the midst, in more than common magnificence, while every eye regarded them as more than mortal; as if sent by heaven for the salvation and building up of Spain. The court was thronged by the most illustrious of that warlike country, and stirring era; by the flower of its nobility, by the most dignified of its prelacy, by bards and minstrels, and all the retinue of a romantic and picturesque age. There was nothing but the glittering of arms, the rustling of robes, the sound of music and festivity.

The negotiations were renewed; and it now appeared that neither contumely nor disappointment had shaken Columbus's confidence in his grand design; he would listen to none

but princely terms; he insisted on being invested with the titles and privileges of Admiral and Viceroy over the countries he should discover, with one-tenth of all gains, either by trade or conquest. This shocked the pride of the courtiers, but he was inflexible; and had quitted Spain were these terms not agreed to. After some delay Isabella consented to these conditions. Columbus furnished one-eighth of the cost of the expedition. He calculated upon reaching the dominions of the Grand Khan of Tartary, described by Polo as abounding in gold, and he suggested that a portion of the treasure to be acquired should be devoted to the pious purpose of rescuing the holy sepulchre from the power of the infidels. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, his companion in the voyage, enabled Columbus to fulfil the conditions of the treaty. He was now in his fifty-sixth year, eighteen of which had elapsed since he conceived the noble design of discovering new worlds.

The expedition was to consist of three small vessels, two of them without decks, and one hundred men. It was to sail from Palos; but such was the dread the very idea of it excited, that men could not be procured otherwise than by impressment. All delays and difficulties being at length overcome, Columbus set sail on the 3d of August, 1492. The incidents of the voyage and its results are well known; Robertson has detailed them with almost as much minuteness as Mr. Irving; and both have been indebted to the journal kept by the daring admiral for the perusal of Isabella and her royal consort.

On discovering land, the thoughts and feelings of Columbus are thus described by Mr. Irving. 'At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established: he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

'It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man, at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld, had proved that it was the residence of man.—But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the

famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendour of oriental civilization.

After an absence of seven months, Columbus returned to Europe; and on the 15th of March, 1493, he entered the harbour of Palos. The triumphant return of the adventurous ships filled the people with joy: business was suspended; the air resounded with acclamations; the multitude thronged to welcome Columbus; and all simultaneously rushed to the principal church, to return thanks to God. Europe was filled with a pleasing amazement: the King of Portugal felt the deepest chagrin, and our Henry VII. referred the discovery to the interference of Providence.

The letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs, announcing his discovery, had produced the greatest sensation at court. The event he communicated, was considered the most extraordinary of their prosperous reign, and following so close upon the conquest of Granada, was pronounced a signal mark of divine favour for that triumph achieved in the cause of true faith. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled and bewildered by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire, of indefinite extent, and apparently boundless wealth; and their first idea was to secure it beyond the reach of question or competition. Shortly after his arrival in Seville, Columbus received a letter from them expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court, to concert plans for a second and more extensive expedition. As the summer was already advancing, the time favourable for a voyage, they desired him to make any arrangements at Seville or elsewhere that might hasten the expedition, and to inform them, by the return of the courier, what was to be done on their part. This letter was addressed to him by the title of "Don Christopher Columbus, our admiral of the ocean sea, and viceroy and governor of the islands discovered in the Indies;" at the same time he was promised still further rewards. Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships, men, and munitions that would be requisite, and having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out on his journey for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians, and the various curiosities and productions which he had brought from the New World.

The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like

the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies, were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much astonishment as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attendants at every stage with innumerable questions; popular rumour, as usual, had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly-found country with all kinds of wonders.

It was about the middle of April that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favoured climate, contributed to give splendour to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers, and hidalgos of gallant bearing, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First, were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants, supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly-discovered regions. After this, followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world; or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence, in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and



splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valentia, Catalonia, and Arragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which with his countenance, rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome; a modest smile lighted up his features, shewing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassallage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honour in this proud and punctilious court.

At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds, and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or laboured into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest; since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished, they sank on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence: all present followed their example, a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem of *Te Deum laudamus*, chaunted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious responses of the minstrels, rose up from the midst in a full body of sacred harmony; bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, "so that," says the venerable Las

Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

After the necessary delay of a few months Columbus prepared to return to the New World, where he had left a small colony, on the Island of Hispaniola.

The departure of Columbus on his second voyage of discovery, presented a brilliant contrast to his gloomy embarkation at Palos. On the 25th of September, at the dawn of day, the bay of Cadiz was whitened by his fleet. There were three large ships of heavy burden, and fourteen caravels, loitering with flapping sails, and awaiting the signal to get under weigh. The harbour resounded with the well-known note of the sailor, hoisting sail, or weighing anchor; a motley crowd were hurrying on board, and taking leave of their friends in the confidence of a prosperous voyage and triumphant return. There was the high spirited cavalier, bound on romantic enterprise; the hardy navigator, ambitious of acquiring laurels in these unknown seas; the roving adventurer who anticipates everything from change of place and distance; the keen calculating speculator, eager to profit by the ignorance of savage tribes; and the pale missionary from the cloister, anxious to extend the dominion of the church, or devoutly zealous for the propagation of the faith. All were full of animation and lively hope. Instead of being regarded by the populace as devoted men, bound upon a dark and desperate enterprise, they were contemplated with envy, as favoured mortals, destined to golden regions and happy climes, where nothing but wealth, and wonder, and delights awaited them. Columbus moved among the throng, conspicuous for his height and for his commanding appearance. He was attended by his two sons Diego and Fernando, the eldest but a stripling, who had come to witness his departure, proud of the glory of their father. Wherever he passed, every eye followed him with admiration, and every tongue praised and blessed him. Before sunrise the whole fleet was under weigh; the weather was serene and propitious, and as the populace watched their parting sails brightening in the morning beams, they looked forward to their joyful return laden with the treasures of the New World.

Columbus on his arrival encountered a sad disappointment; the colony had been destroyed by hostile savages, whose enmity they had justly provoked. He therefore removed to another part of the island; and, as all their inquiries were after gold, Ojeda, a hardy adventurer, was despatched to the interior. The accounts he brought back were highly flatter-

ing, and accordingly Columbus resolved to take possession of the golden region. The march of the little troop was impeded by thickets; these the young cavaliers quickly cleared away, and opened a path up a steep defile.

On the following day, the army toiled up this steep defile, and arrived where the gorge of the mountain opened into the interior. Here a land of promise suddenly burst upon their view. It was the same glorious prospect which had delighted Ojeda and his companions. Below lay a vast and delicious plain, painted and enamelled, as it were, with all the rich variety of tropical vegetation. The magnificent forests presented that mingled beauty and majesty of vegetable forms known only to these generous climates. Palms of prodigious height, and spreading mahogany trees, towered from amid a wilderness of variegated foliage. Universal freshness and verdure were maintained by numerous streams, which meandered gleaming through the deep bosom of the woodland; while various villages and hamlets, peeping from among the trees, and the smoke of others rising out of the midst of the forests, gave signs of a numerous population. The luxuriant landscape extended as far as the eye could reach, until it appeared to melt away and mingle with the horizon. The Spaniards gazed with rapture upon this soft voluptuous country which seemed to realize their ideas of a terrestrial paradise; and Columbus, struck with its vast extent, gave it the name of the Vega Real, or Royal Plain.

The natives, having heard of the arrival of the Spaniards in their vicinity, came flocking from various parts, anxious to obtain European trinkets. The admiral signified to them that anything would be given in exchange for gold; upon hearing this some of them ran to a neighbouring river, and gathering and sifting its sands, returned in a little while with considerable quantities of gold dust. One old man brought two pieces of virgin ore, weighing an ounce, and thought himself richly repaid when he received a hawk's-bell. On remarking that the admiral was struck with the size of these specimens, he affected to treat them with contempt, as insignificant, intimating by signs, that in his country, which lay within half a day's journey, they found pieces of gold as big as an orange. Other Indians brought grains of gold weighing ten and twelve drachms, and declared that in the country from whence they got them, there were masses of ore as large as the head of a child. As usual, however, these golden tracts were always in some remote valley, or along some rugged and sequestered stream; and the wealthiest spot was sure to be at the greatest distance,—for the land of promise is ever beyond the mountain.

Having accomplished the purposes of his *March*, 1828.

residence in the Vega, Columbus, at the end of a few days, took leave of its hospitable inhabitants, and resumed his march for the harbour, returning with his little army through the lofty and rugged gorge of the mountains called the Pass of the Hidalgos. As we accompany him in imagination over the rocky height, from whence the Vega first broke upon the eye of the Europeans, we cannot help pausing to cast back a look of mingled pity and admiration over this beautiful but devoted region. The dream of natural liberty, of ignorant content, and loitering idleness, was as yet unbroken, but the fiat had gone forth; the white man had penetrated into the land; avarice, and pride, and ambition, and pining care, and sordid labour, were soon to follow, and the indolent paradise of the Indian to disappear for ever.

Columbus's troubles in the New World now commenced: the climate did not agree at first with the Europeans; they could not relish the food of the Indians; and as most of them were sadly disappointed in their expectations of immense wealth, they began to murmur.

In the midst of this general discontent, the bread began to grow scarce. The stock of flour was exhausted, and there was no mode of grinding corn but by the tedious and toilsome process of the hand-mill. It became necessary, therefore, to erect a mill immediately, and other works were required equally important to the welfare of the settlement. Many of the workmen, however, were ill—some feigned greater sickness than they really suffered; for there was a general disinclination to all kind of labour which was not to produce immediate wealth. In this emergency, Columbus put every healthy person in requisition; and as the cavaliers and gentlemen of rank required food as well as the lower orders, they were called upon to take their share in the common labour. This was considered a cruel degradation by many youthful hidalgos of high blood and haughty spirit, and they refused to obey the summons. Columbus, however, was a strict disciplinarian, and felt the importance of making his authority respected. He resorted, therefore, to strong and compulsory measures, and enforced their obedience. This was another cause of the deep and lasting hostilities that sprang up against him. It aroused the immediate indignation of every person of birth and rank in the colony, and drew upon him the resentment of several of the proud families of Spain. He was inveighed against as an arrogant and upstart foreigner, who, inflated with a sudden acquisition of power, and consulting only his own wealth and aggrandisement, was trampling upon the rights and dignities of Spanish gentlemen, and insulting the honour of the nation.

Columbus may have been too strict and indiscriminate in his regulations. There are

cases in which even justice may become oppressive, and where the severity of the time should be tempered with indulgence. The mere toilsome labours of a common man, became humiliation and disgrace to a Spanish cavalier. Many of these young men had come out, not in the pursuit of wealth, but with romantic dreams inspired by his own representations; hoping, no doubt, to distinguish themselves by heroic achievements and chivalrous adventure, and to continue in the Indies the career of arms which they had commenced in the recent wars of Granada. Others had been brought up in soft, luxurious indulgence, in the midst of opulent families, and were little calculated for the rude perils of the seas, the fatigues of the land, and the hardships, the exposures, and deprivations which attend a new settlement in a wilderness. When they fell ill, their case soon became incurable. The ailments of the body were increased by sickness of the heart. They suffered under the irritation of wounded pride, and the morbid melancholy of disappointed hope; their sick-bed was destitute of all the tender care and soothing attention to which they had been accustomed; and they sank into the grave in all the sullenness of despair, cursing the day that they left their country.

The venerable Las Casas, and Herrera after him, record with much solemnity, a popular belief current in the island at the time of his residence there, and connected with the untimely fate of these cavaliers.

In after years, when the seat of the colony was removed from Isabella on account of its unhealthy situation, the city fell to ruin, and was abandoned. Like all decayed and deserted places, it soon became an object of awe and superstition to the common people, and no one ventured to enter its gates. Those who passed near it, or hunted the wild swine which abounded in the neighbourhood, declared that they heard appalling voices issue from within its walls by night and day. The labourers became fearful, therefore, to cultivate the fields adjacent. The story went, adds Las Casas, that two Spaniards happened one day to wander among the ruined edifices of the place; on entering one of the solitary streets they beheld two rows of men, evidently, from their stately demeanour, hidalgos of noble blood, and cavaliers of the court. They were richly attired in the old Castilian mode, with rapiers by their sides, and broad travelling hats, such as were worn at the time. The two men were astonished to behold persons of their rank and appearance apparently inhabiting that desolate place, unknown to the people of the island. They saluted them, and inquired when and whence they had arrived. The cavaliers maintained a gloomy silence, but courteously returned the salutation by raising their hands to their sombreros or hats, in taking off which their heads came off also, and

their bodies stood decapitated. The whole phantom assemblage then vanished. So great was the astonishment and horror of the beholders, that they had nearly fallen dead, and remained stupified for several days.

The foregoing legend is curious, as illustrating the superstitious character of the age, and especially of the people with whom Columbus had to act. It shows, also, the deep and gloomy impression made upon the minds of the common people by the death of these cavaliers, which operated materially to increase the unpopularity of Columbus; as it was mischievously represented, that they had been seduced from their homes by his delusive promises, and sacrificed to his private interests.

While Columbus was labouring not only to control the rebellious propensities of his own followers, and quiet the Indians, but to extend his discoveries, a party was at work in Spain, who ultimately effected his downfall.—Aguado was sent to collect information respecting his administration; and Columbus seeing his popularity declining at court, he returned home, was favourably received, and a third time sailed for the New World. Here, however, he encountered rebellion in a variety of forms, and was, as is well known, sent home to Spain in chains. The King and Queen, to do them justice, no sooner heard of his arrival than they ordered his fetters to be struck off, and provided amply for his appearance at court.

The loyal heart of Columbus was again cheered by this declaration of his sovereigns. He felt conscious of his integrity, and anticipated an immediate restitution of all his rights and dignities. He appeared at court in Granada on the 17th of December, not as a man ruined and disgraced, but richly dressed, and attended by an honourable retinue. He was received by their majesties with unqualified favour and distinction.—When the queen beheld this venerable man approach, and thought on all he had deserved and all that he had suffered, she was moved to tears. Columbus had borne up firmly against the stern conflicts of the world,—he had endured with lofty scorn the injuries and insults of ignoble men, but he possessed strong and quick sensibility. When he found himself thus kindly received by his sovereigns, and beheld tears in the benign eyes of Isabella, his long-suppressed feelings burst forth: he threw himself upon his knees, and for some time could not utter a word for the violence of his tears and sobbings.

Ferdinand and Isabella raised him from the ground, and endeavoured to encourage him by the most gracious expressions. As soon as he regained his self-possession, he entered into an eloquent and high-minded vindication of his loyalty, and the zeal he had ever felt for the glory and advantage of the



Spanish crown. If at any time he had erred, it was through inexperience in government, and the extraordinary difficulties by which he had been surrounded.

'There needed no vindication on his part. The intemperance of his enemies had been his best advocate. He stood in presence of his sovereigns a deeply-injured man, and it remained for them to vindicate themselves to the world from the charge of ingratitude towards their most deserving subject. They expressed their indignation at the proceedings of Bobadilla, which they disavowed, as contrary to their instructions, and they promised that he should be immediately dismissed from his command.

'In fact, no public notice was taken of the charges sent home by Bobadilla, nor of the letters which had been written in support of them. The sovereigns took every occasion to treat Columbus with favour and distinction, assuring him that his grievances should be redressed, his property restored, and that he should be reinstated in all his privileges and dignities.

'It was on the latter point that Columbus was chiefly solicitous. Mercenary considerations had scarcely any weight in his mind.—Glory had been the great object of his ambition, and he felt, that as long as he remained suspended from his employments, a tacit censure rested on his name. He expected, therefore, that the moment the sovereigns should be satisfied of the rectitude of his conduct, they would be eager to make him amends; that a restitution of his viceroyalty would immediately take place, and he should return in triumph to San Domingo. Here, however, he was doomed to experience a disappointment which threw a gloom over the remainder of his days.'

The remainder of his eventful history is well known. Robertson has related it with his accustomed eloquence, and Mr. Irving has been unable to do more than make some very unimportant additions. Columbus sailed a fourth time on a voyage of discovery. The Portuguese had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and Cabral had accidentally discovered the continent of South America. Many adventurous Spaniards had also, on their own account, sailed on voyages of discovery; and their success stimulated Columbus to new enterprises. He had, from observations on a former voyage, been persuaded that there must be a strait existing somewhere about what is at present called the Isthmus of Darien. By discovering such a passage, he would link the New World with the opulent Oriental regions of the Old, and thus make a magnificent close to his labours. When he unfolded his plan, he met with attention; but his fourth and last voyage was singularly disastrous, and he returned broken down, and in high disfavour. Isabella was dead, and as

the New World had been as yet not only unprofitable, but a burden upon the finances of the Old, the cold calculating Ferdinand forgot the claims of Columbus, and treated him with studied neglect. In the mean time, his troubles were drawing to a close: his protracted illness increased in violence, and he departed life, greatly resigned, on the 20th of May, 1506, being about seventy years of age.

'His body was deposited in the convent of St. Francisco, and his obsequies were celebrated with funereal pomp in the parochial church of Santa Maria de la Antigua de Valladolid. His remains were transported afterwards, in 1513, to the Carthusian monastery of Las Cuevas of Seville, to the chapel of St. Ann or of Santo Christo, in which chapel were likewise deposited those of his son Don Diego, who died in the village of Montalban, on the 23d of February, 1526. In the year 1536 the bodies of Columbus and his son Diego were removed to Hispaniola, and interred in the principal chapel of the cathedral of the city of St. Domingo; but even here they did not rest in quiet, having since been again disinterred and conveyed to the Havana, in the island of Cuba.

'A cheap honour was decreed to Columbus by Ferdinand after his death. He ordered a monument to be erected to his memory with this inscription:

FOR CASTILLA Y POR LEON

NUEVO MUNDO HALLO COLON.

*For Castile and Leon Columbus found a  
New World.*

A record of the great debt of gratitude due to the discoverer, which the monarch had so faithlessly neglected to discharge. Attempts have been made, in recent days, by loyal Spanish writers, to vindicate the conduct of Ferdinand towards Columbus. They were doubtless well intended, but they have been futile, nor is their failure to be regretted. To screen such injustice in so eminent a character from the reprobation of mankind, is to deprive history of one of its most important uses. Let the ingratitude of Ferdinand stand recorded in its full extent, and endure throughout all time. The dark shadow which it casts upon his brilliant renown will be a lesson to all rulers, teaching them what is important to their own fame in their treatment of illustrious men.'

The following is Mr. Irving's summary of his character.

'Columbus was a man of great and inventive genius. The operations of his mind were energetic, but irregular; bursting forth at times with that irresistible force which characterises intellects of such an order. His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge connected with his pursuits; and though his information may appear limited at the present day, and some of his errors palpable, it is because that knowledge, in his peculiar department of science, was but scantily developed in his time.

His own discoveries enlightened the ignorance of that age; guided conjecture to certainty; and dispelled numerous errors with which he himself had been obliged to struggle. His ambition was lofty and noble. He was full of high thoughts, and anxious to distinguish himself by great achievements. It has been said that a mercenary feeling mingled with his views, and that his stipulations with the Spanish court were selfish and avaricious. The charge is inconsiderate and unjust. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same lofty spirit in which he sought renown; but they were to arise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in importance. \* \*

The gains that promised to arise from his discoveries, he intended to appropriate in the same princely and pious spirit in which they were demanded. He contemplated works and achievements of benevolence and religion: vast contributions for the relief of the poor of his native city; the foundations of churches, where masses should be said for the souls of the departed; and armies for the recovery of the holy sepulchre in Palestine. \* \*

Columbus was a man of quick sensibility, liable to great excitement, to sudden and strong impressions, and powerful impulses. He was naturally irritable and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury and injustice; yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the benevolence and generosity of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity, and braved in the exercise of his command; though foiled in his plans, and endangered in his person by the seditions of turbulent and worthless men, and that too at times when suffering under anxiety of mind and anguish of body sufficient to exasperate the most patient, he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit, and, by the strong powers of his mind, brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate: nor should we fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget, on the least signs of repentance and atonement. He has been extolled for his skill in controlling others; but far greater praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing himself. \* \*

His natural benignity made him accessible to all kinds of pleasurable sensations from external objects. In his letters and journals, instead of detailing circumstances with the technical precision of a mere navigator, he notices the beauties of nature with the enthusiasm of a poet or a painter. As he coasts the shores of the New World, the reader participates in the enjoyment with which he describes, in his imperfect but picturesque Spanish, the varied objects around him; the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the air, "full of dew and sweetness," the verdure of the forests,

the magnificence of the trees, the grandeur of the mountains, and the limpidity and freshness of the running streams. New delight springs up for him in every scene. He proclaims that each new discovery is more beautiful than the last, and each the most beautiful in the world; until, with his simple earnestness, he tells the sovereigns, that, having spoken so highly of the preceding islands, he fears that they will not credit him, when he declares that the one he is actually describing surpasses them all in excellence. \* \*

He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent imagination and mercurial nature was controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgment, and enabled him to form conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived, nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out. To his intellectual vision it was given to read the signs of the times, and to trace, in the conjectures and reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world; as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. "His soul," observes a Spanish writer, "was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprise of traversing that sea which had given rise to so many fables, and of deciphering the mystery of his age." With all the visionary fervour of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilised man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!

In addition to this it must be observed, that Columbus did not rise above the prejudice of his age; he held it lawful to enslave all who

did not embrace Christianity, and actually transmitted some of the unfortunate Indians to Spain to be sold as a means of liquidating the expense incurred by the various expeditions. When Isabella, with feelings that did her honour as a woman and sovereign, ordered them to be instantly restored to their country, Columbus alleged, in justification, that in return for liberty they would obtain a knowledge of the true God.

Our extracts from these volumes have been so copious, that the reader is now enabled to form an opinion of his own respecting the manner in which Mr. Irving has acquitted himself as an historian. Upon the whole, we think the work highly creditable to his industry and talents; for though there is an absence of those philosophical reflections which the occasion peculiarly called for, there is much candour, some fine writing, and an uninterrupted narrative, possessing more interest than the finest and most powerful fiction. It would, no doubt, bear being compressed, but there are few paragraphs which we would wish to see entirely omitted. Mr. Irving paints, with the enthusiasm of a poet, the face of nature as it presented itself when Columbus first emerged upon the new world; and draws a most pleasing picture of the primitive manners of the aborigines. This part of the work, though most delightful reading, will redound least to the credit of the historian. It is overdone, and inaccurate. Mr. Irving allowed his obsolete authorities to mislead him, and seems to have profitted little by modern inquiries into the particulars of savage life. For many reasons the discoverers of America were prone to exaggerate and misrepresent. Of the facts they stated they could have but a very superficial knowledge; and the Indians were cunning enough to mislead them. In modern times we have had glowing pictures of more than one savage paradise in the eastern seas; but subsequent inquiries served to dissipate the illusion and confirm the philosophical conclusion, that men, under similar circumstances, will be every where the same—that the savage was and is—in the new or old world—a pitiable, miserable, and unhappy being. That he was so, even in Hispaniola, we need no authority than our author himself; for men who went partially naked, were unacquainted with the use of iron, and in perpetual dread of being devoured by their neighbours, were in no enviable condition. According to the first accounts, and Mr. Irving has unhesitatingly followed them, they made bacon of each other; and, like the Cyclops, improved the condition of their victims for edible purposes.

'The Spaniards were informed, that it was the custom of the Caribs to rear these youthful prisoners to man's estate, and then to fatten them for their feasts, and that they were deprived of their virility to render them more tender and palatable food. There is some-

thing so revolting to human nature in the idea of cannibalism, that we would fain attribute these accounts to the mistakes, the misinterpretations, and the fables of travellers, but they are too positively affirmed by respectable writers, and are too curious in themselves to be passed over in silence.'

To this we shall simply oppose the authority of Mr. Irving himself. In a subsequent part of the work we find the following just reflection. He is speaking of the Caribs, a fierce and warlike race of Indians.

'That many of the pictures given us of this extraordinary race of people have been coloured by the fears of the Indians, and the prejudices of the Spaniards, is highly probable. They were constantly the terror of the former, and the brave and obstinate opponents of the latter. The evidences adduced of their cannibal propensities must be considered with large allowances for the careless and inaccurate observations of seafaring men, and the preconceived belief of the fact, which existed in the minds of the Spaniards. It was a custom among the natives of many of the islands, and of other parts of the New World, to preserve the remains of their deceased relatives and friends. Sometimes the entire body; sometimes only the head, or some of the limbs, dried at the fire; sometimes the mere bones. These, when found in the dwellings of the natives of Hispaniola, against whom no prejudice of the kind existed, were correctly regarded as relics of the deceased, preserved through affection or reverence; but any remains of the kind found among the Caribs, were looked upon with horror as proofs of cannibalism.'

There is much sentimentality wasted about the South American Indians; we believe, contrary to popular opinion, that they are not less numerous or less happy now than they were in the days of Cortez; and Captain Lyons, in his 'Journal of a Residence and Tour in the Republic of Mexico,' is of the same opinion. Mr. Irving thinks differently. Speaking of Columbus's voyage round the southern coast of Cuba, he says—

'It is impossible to resist noticing the striking contrasts which are sometimes forced upon the mind. The coast here described so populous and animated, rejoicing in the visit of the discoverers, is the same that extends westward of the city of Trinidad, along the gulf of Xagua. All is now silent and deserted: civilization, which has covered some parts of Cuba with glittering cities, has rendered this a solitude. The whole race of Indians has long since passed away, pining and perishing beneath the domination of the strangers whom they welcomed so joyfully to their shores. Before me lies the account of a night recently passed on this very coast, by a celebrated traveller, but with what different feelings from those of Columbus. "I past," says he, "a



great part of the night upon the deck. What deserted coasts! not a light to announce the cabin of a fisherman. From Batabano to Trinidad, a distance of fifty leagues, there does not exist a village. Yet in the time of Columbus this land was inhabited even along the margin of the sea. When pits are dugged in the soil, or the torrents plough open the surface of the earth, there are often found hatchets of stone and vessels of copper, relics of the ancient inhabitants of the island."

To this lachrymose paragraph it is sufficient to reply that a people who used stone hatchets could neither be numerous nor constant residents. It is well known that the Indians

were continually in the habit of shifting from one place to another.

Although there was much puffing about Mr. Irving's access to original sources of information, we do not find here much that was not previously known: but still the present work unites the scattered information of others, and presents the subject in a most attractive and delightful form.

We could wish that Mr. Irving had refrained from sneering at monkish ignorance. If these men did not surpass their cotemporaries, we are under obligations enough to them to inspire us with gratitude. Columbus found his only sincere friend in a convent.

#### SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF DUBLIN.—NO. II.

DUBLIN, when I first knew it, was certainly less attractive as a city than the modern metropolis of Ireland. The Anna Liffey was described, by a native writer, as a sluggish stream winding its way amidst rival dunghills, while the cathedral of St. Patrick's served merely to ornament the back premises of trunk-makers. Major Taylor has since these times got the credit of doing wonders in the way of improvement; but I believe the grants of the imperial parliament have been the real cause of that beauty which Dublin has latterly assumed. Its streets are now wider than formerly. Its quays are the finest in the British empire, and its public buildings form a *coup d'œil* no where else to be met with. Yet with all these attractions I cannot help preferring the former to the modern Dublin, though I do not conceal from myself that this partiality may arise from associations. The friends I loved belonged to the 'olden time;' and the scenes with which I was familiar were only to be found in places now no more. The commissioners of wide streets have defaced many of those ancient buildings, the sight of which once awakened feelings of sorrow or of gladness; and in destroying whole regions of lanes and alleys, they have swept away many of those snug alcoves where merry souls were wont to congregate. To be sure there was much that could be spared; and among other filth the shoe-blacks. Mr. Edgeworth and some other clever men have given an interest to these dirty blackguards which their merits never claimed. The wit with which they were said to abound was all imputed; their habits were uniformly offensive,

and their slang intolerable. Of all races of Irishmen I think they were the most stupid. There was one, and only one of them that ever excited any interest in me. He used to stand on Lazer's Hill, now Townsend Street, and I have frequently stopped to admire the adroitness with which he blended his egg and lampblack, and with what indifference he used to paint over the dirt of paddy's brogues. He was no niggard of his 'matchless blacking,' and appeared equally free with his conversation. 'One morn I missed him' on the accustomed hill; the surveyors had given notice to quit, and the popularity of 'Day and Martin' had accelerated his downfall. The last time I saw him he was entering the mendicant depôt in Hawkins Street. He was the last of the Dublin shoe-blacks.

The environs of Dublin have partaken of the change which the city itself has undergone, and in this I rejoice: I love Nature in her most savage attire; but if man has at all obtruded upon her awful solitudes, let him bring with him the arts which improve, and which do not deform. If human habitations aspire in the wilderness, let them not offend the eye of taste; let them only serve to make natural objects still more attractive, by calling forth their latent beauty. By this I do not mean to say that lowly cottages offend me; they are, occasionally, most appropriate: but I do not like to see them encroach upon towns. They cease then to be happy homes; they are the abodes of misery. Villas, not villages, should ornament the outskirts of a city; and I was glad to find, on my last visit to Ireland, that the neighbourhood

of Dublin had amazingly improved in this respect. While residing in the Irish metropolis, I occasionally wandered into the county of Wicklow. The Dargle and the Waterfall are places which I could see day after day without fatigue; and it has often surprised me to find the people of Dublin so singularly indifferent to these natural curiosities. I have never met more than half-a-dozen persons at once at the Cascade, and perhaps not three times that number at the Dargle; yet they are only a couple of hours' drive from Stephen's Green. Were they within a day's ride of London or Paris, what crowds would impede the roads every summer.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin there are a few delightful rustic walks; particularly those about the Dodder, or through the Green Lanes at Clontarf. My favourite walk, however, was along the Liffey; particularly when the strawberries were in season. Lucan was the extent of my pedestrian effort, and sometimes I did not venture beyond Mr. White's domain. Woodlands is a charming retreat, a kind of *rus in urbe*. The inequalities of the grounds take away from that monotony which prevails in places of more regularity; and the little stream that meanders through them imparts an air of quiet comfort, of vast distance from 'the busy hum of men,' that is quite charming.

Mr. White was one of those men who are born to make others marvel: his original occupation was that of a book-hawker, or, as he was afterwards called in derision, a 'flying stationer.' He subsequently acquired a shop, and became one of the principal publishers, when books were published in Dublin.—Like Lackington, he dealt in old books; and those who were unable to account for his sudden acquisition of wealth, asserted that he accidentally encountered some debentures, of great amount, between the leaves of some dusty *tomes*.—Others ascribe it to a very different source. A really intelligent old man assured me, with a gravity that bespoke his belief in the legend, that there once stood an old mill on the road to Lucan—the foundation of which is yet visible—built by the foe of mankind in 'a single night,' and that under a certain stone of this extraordinary edifice, Luke White, as he was always familiarly called, found

'a crock full of money.' Those who are familiar with the consequences that sometimes flow from 'watching the turn of the market,' will be at no loss to account for Mr. White's success in life.—That he was wealthy there can be no doubt, but I much question whether he was as rich as he was popularly reported. The general opinion was, that from his immense resources he held Government, like a certain Jew in our day, in subjection. When he entered the arena of politics the illusion vanished.

Mr. White was a worldly-minded man, of very retired habits, and quite free from those illiberal notions which frequently attend those who are indebted to trade for their fortunes. His person was tall and slender; his appearance was undignified; and he looked like one who is suddenly placed in a rank in society to which he is unaccustomed. He did not, however, want public spirit; and his memoirs, if well written, would be singularly useful.

Notwithstanding all his money, he was regarded by the Irish aristocracy, in some measure, as an intruder. The present Duke of Leinster, who knows the exact value of a sovereign, once breakfasted at Woodlands. The object was the hand of Miss White, but after some time the negotiation was broken off; the blood of the Geraldine revolted against plebeian alliance. Other houses, however, though full of hereditary pride, were found more complying, and the blood of Luke White is now in a fair way of being refined into aristocratic purity.

It was at the strawberry beds, just outside the park gate, I first met my old friend Ned Lysaght. 'What spirits were his, what wit, and what whim!' I was very comfortably devouring the luscious fruit, 'smothered in cream,' and looking at the placid Liffey, as it silently ran beneath the summer-house, in which I was seated, when two gentlemen begged permission to disturb my meditations. They were immediately accommodated on the sod form, and from the conversation of one of them I soon learned that he was no common man. He was full of anecdote, and an inveterate punster. Our acquaintance took its rise from this circumstance; and I am indebted to Ned Lysaght for many happy hours, and for many friends whose esteem I still value.

The jest books of the day were filled with Ned Lysaght's puns and witty sayings; and as most of them are now as 'familiar as household words,' I shall not repeat them. There is one, however, which I must beg to record. Going one day through Crompton Court, we stepped into a shop kept by a man named Smith, who sold penknives, trinkets, and such small gear. The article I wanted was not to be found conveniently: he looked in this drawer, and in that, without success, and at length said, 'My good lady' (for a Dublin shopkeeper is too polite to say wife,) 'knows where it is; she will be down stairs instantly: she is a little busy at present.' 'With the little ones, I suppose,' said Ned. 'No, sir,' replied the man of trinkets, 'Mrs. S., thank God,' (and he smiled,) 'has no children!' 'Oh, then, my friend,' responded the wit, 'your wife is a *barren S.*' (*A baroness.*)

Lord Norbury—though a great punster—was no favourite with Ned. The unfortunate name of *Toller* afforded opportunities for innumerable play upon words; but though a very equivocal politician, he sometimes felt the *amor patriæ* arouse him into fits of indignation.—Arthur O'Connor assured me that Ned was the author of the following bitter satire.

'In former times the murderer's tongue  
Denied the deed, or silent hung  
Appall'd with fear and dolour;  
But now the villain boasts his guilt—  
When bells knell slow for blood that's spilt,  
The murderer is the—TOLLER.'

The next was written by Thomas Addis Emmett.

'JACK TOLLERTON'S CASE.

'When Jack was poor, to Courts unknown,  
He sang, and joked, and flattered;  
His aim, in short, was *briefs* alone,  
His morals unbespattered.  
But now he's great, he lives in state,  
And swears 'tis now no play-day;  
He hangs away the *Castle* prey,  
And owns he keeps a *Lady*.'

I was indebted to my poor friend for an introduction to one of the most worthy men who ever lived—the late Judge Fletcher, then a king's counsel. The oblivion which has already descended upon the name of this modern Aristides augurs badly for Ireland, and forcibly warns mankind of the injurious tendency

of party feeling. Where man is opposed to man, the philosopher who mourns the infatuation of all, must expect nothing but neglect. Judge Fletcher was neither a Whig nor a Tory, a Catholic nor a Protestant; he was an honest man, who preferred his duty to every earthly consideration, and was a kind of abstract judge upon a bench long prostituted to the worst spirit of angry times. His features were highly intellectual; they bore the marks of studious and deep thinking, and withal such a cast of benevolence as conciliated every one who looked upon him. He stooped considerably when he walked; his person was tall but slight. He was in private life cheerful and playful, but when in his robes he was austere and dignified. He lived in an unostentatious house on the west side of Merrion Square, saw but little company, and spent his nights amongst his books. It was supposed he had been engaged upon a work of some importance; but if that were the case, there seems now no hope of its appearance.

He used to allude to his humble origin without the least affectation. His father was an obscure apothecary in Athy, and he had a severe struggle with fortune before he could emerge from the difficulties which beset a young man who enters a profession peculiarly appropriated to the influential and the wealthy. His talents, however, enabled him to triumph over ordinary obstacles. 'I was poor and briefless,' he used to say, 'and had given some indication of abilities. Those in power needed talented Switzers to fight their intellectual battles, and did me the honour to enlist me. One so needy they concluded must be devoid of principle, for the lawyers are celebrated for elastic dispositions. Perhaps I was not eager to undeceive them, got business, a silk gown, and became "somebody."'

Events of a domestic nature, to which it is not necessary to allude more particularly here, having blasted my once 'fair expectations,' I was indebted to John Claudius Beresford for a situation in the Custom House, Dublin. Of my patron, more anon; but I cannot omit stating here that whatever were his public merits, his private friendships were uninfluenced by his political opinions. He knew my principles were democratic,



but that did not prevent him from serving me. Many of those who thought it no dishonour to walk arm-in-arm down the Mall with \* \* \* \* \* on my reverse of fortune, bowed distantly at first, then formally, and at length took no notice whatever of me! I was not then stoic enough to regard all this with indifference; and suspecting that I might be an intruder every where, I led a very secluded life, paid but few visits, and cooled down rapidly into a half misanthrope.

Among those, however, who did not value me the less for being unfortunate, I am happy to mention Mr. Justice Fletcher. I had not seen him for many years, when happening to be in Wexford during the time of assize, I accidentally met him on a Sunday evening, in the place called the Bull Ring; he was walking between Counsellor Hatchell and a barrister, whose name I cannot now recal. The moment he saw me he stopped, stretched out his hand in a familiar manner, and, expressing his surprise at seeing me, invited me to his lodgings. He stopped at the house of a glazier, and two soldiers guarded the door. I found him alone, with several papers before him; but on my making a motion to withdraw, he kindly forbade me. 'The circuit,' he said, 'is now drawing to a close, and as I am convinced that mistaken notions prevail relative to the state of the country, I intend, in my address to the grand jury to-morrow, to say a few words upon the subject.'

His manner then relaxed all at once, and he alluded to earlier times with all the vivacity of youthful spirits; and after charging me to call upon him 'in town,' he allowed me to depart. Next day he delivered his celebrated charge; its effect was electrical. The *quidnuncs* of Wexford were greatly surprised, and the castle, in poetical language, shook to its centre. It contained terrible truths, and, coming from a Judge of the land, ought to have produced more important effects. But, alas! poor Ireland is one of those countries acknowledged by its rulers, as a thing of course, to be grossly misgoverned. There can be no hopes of amendment when vice has thrown off the appearance of virtue.

Next month I shall give some of Mr. Justice Fletcher's 'conversations' during the latter years of his life; at present I must turn to a brother Judge, Baron Smith.

The bad effects of party spirit, when carried to excess, have recently been exemplified in the court to which Baron Smith is an ornament. In a late very extraordinary case he differed from his judicial brothers, and they, taking advantage of his solitary dissent, did not hesitate to sneer at him in a manner which went far to show that they held his understanding in very great contempt.—This was too bad.

This venerable man is one of the most learned on the Irish bench; but he is not a party man—he *is* a patriotic man; and that, in Ireland, is a crime which the ascendancy men are not in the habit of forgetting. In any other place Baron Smith would excite nothing but respect. There is something peculiarly interesting in his appearance; his frame, never robust, appears worn away by the ceaseless activity of his spirit; his face, wan and wrinkled, gives the picture of incessant study; but the vividness of his eye shows that the soul has acquired new strength, as it were, from the decay of the mould in which it is so mysteriously imprisoned.

Seen at a distance, he has an infantile appearance. His voice, too, is thin and feeble, but you have only to listen to his words to be persuaded that you are in the presence of one acquainted with all the wisdom of antiquity—all the elegance of modern literature.

Like Justice Fletcher, Baron Smith is an industrious student; and though a decided patriot, he is not very popular. He does not seek applause or notoriety, and consequently his admirers are most numerous among that class—small as it may be—who reflect. He has outlived most of his cotemporaries. His mother having been a Catholic, and Baron Smith being through life a supporter of the Catholic question, 'Counsellor' Scully prognosticates that he will die, like Dr. Duigenan, within the portals of the Church of Rome.

## THE CROPPY.

*By the Author of 'Tales of Irish Life.'*

THE dwelling of the Cropy is no longer visible. There are, however, a few memorials — 'the sad historians of the pensive plain' — which point out the spot to those who remember his melancholy story. The grass grows more than usually luxuriant upon the site of his hearthstone, and an old fantastic alder tree reminds his former companions of the spot where his little garden flourished. All else is a level field; and, as the interval, between his time and this, every day increases, the sympathy which was once felt for his fate necessarily diminishes. In a few years the sufferings and crimes of Matty Rossiter must become an old wife's tale; and, perhaps, some one more superstitious than the rest, may conjure up his restless spirit to haunt the scenes of his mundane joys and sorrows.

Matty Rossiter, until his twenty-fifth year, lived in happy obscurity. He was a small farmer, in that part of Bargie which is sheltered from the north wind by the mountain of Forth, in the county of Wexford, and, in common with the then inhabitants of that country, he was sober, industrious, and independent. His connexion with the landed proprietor of the place, Mr. George Healy, afforded him many opportunities of improving his condition; for as the young squire was his foster-brother, fed, as 'nurse' Rossiter used to say, upon the same suck, and reared upon the same floor, he naturally did many little things to forward Matty's interest, all of which were gratefully received, and tended, no doubt, to strengthen the affection which the dependent entertained for his superior and patron. His advancement in life, and his possession of the ear of the local sovereign, did not make him either proud or presumptuous: he made use of his influence, when in his power, for the good of others, and went on soberly and honestly, adding guinea to guinea, until he had between two or three hundred rolled up in an old stocking, which was secretly deposited in an aperture between the thatch and the wall of his dwelling. But though Matty was prudent and economical, he was neither avaricious nor miserly: he spent a 'hog' with as much cheerfulness as any boy in Kilmanan; and, being of a robust frame and healthy agility, he was in great request among those who were partial to athletic exercises. He was the best ball-player in the parish, and decidedly the greatest hurler in the barony.

Though harmlessly vain of his abilities, he did not give too much of his time to amusements: he had an inquiring mind; read such books as fell in his way; and as his mother

had in her intercourse, as a nurse, among the great, acquired ideas and habits beyond people in her station, Matty partook, in some measure, of her improvement. He was regarded, by his neighbours, as a fellow with a 'long head,' could tell of countries 'beyond the sea,' and astonished the simple peasantry of Kilmanan by his skill in farriery and agriculture. He was, in fact, pronounced to be a 'fortune' for the woman who could get him, and many were the fair eyes that shone upon him while at mass on a Sunday; many were the mothers who calculated on seeing him married to their daughters; and many were the little arts which rustic belles played off at fair and pattern\* to attract his notice. Though by no means insensible to the glances and smiles of beauteous woman, Matty had not yet thought of marriage: he did not want a housekeeper; his widowed mother performed all the domestic duties in a manner so satisfactory, that he thought, perhaps, his quiet depended, in some measure, in continuing her undisputed mistress of his household. Be that as it may, Matty indulged in no serious thoughts of matrimony, for early marriage is not very common among the peasantry of this district. He coquetted with a few girls, and among others with Mary Codey, the daughter of his next door neighbour. Mary was an active girl, and if viewed but once would pass for handsome; a second glance, however, went a great way to destroy the first impression; for though her face was fair, her cheek tinged with delicate red, and her eyes large and blue, there was an indefinable something about her which repelled any thing approaching to admiration or love. Deprived in infancy of her mother, and having no sister nor female relative, she grew up neglected among the opposite sex, and, consequently, her mind was not characterised by much of that delicacy which regulates the female manner, and gives an indescribable sweetness to every action of the sensitive and shrinking woman. When a mere girl, she was boisterous like a boy; and when further advanced in life, she passed among her neighbours for a *slaumeen*, or untidy person. On the approach of womanhood she became more correct, was partial to gaudy dresses, and looked upon herself as the favourite 'sweetheart' of Matty Rossiter. Matty, however, had no thoughts of the kind; Mary he had no intention of marrying, for though he entertained for her sentiments of an old playfellow, he could not think of making her his wife.

The meridian sun, on the 11th of June,

\* This word is sometimes erroneously written *patron*. The Irish peasantry, correctly enough, say *pattern*, because the *patron* is the *pattern* which they are called upon to copy.

shone glaringly into Matty's kitchen door-way, when its rays were intercepted by a strange figure, and presently a voice was heard repeating, very deliberately, the Lord's Prayer, and the Hail Mary.

'Ho, ho!' cried Matty, 'Jack Lyster, is that you?'

'The blessin o' God an the Virgin on you, an it is,' responded a sturdy beggarman, as he laid down his wooden can, of a conical form, in which he was wont to carry his buttermilk, and began to undo the strings of his numerous and well-filled meal-bags, which lay upon his back, disposed with a view to preserve the body from too much pressure on any one place. He held a long polished staff, with a spike in the end of it, in his hand, and his coat and brogues bore evidence of repeated repairs. Regardless of uniformity, his principal garment exhibited a variety of colours, and here and there a piece of a felt hat was stitched on with a needle, which carried at least eighteen threads. Though old, he looked healthy and strong; and, from the familiarity with which he disposed of his stock in trade about the house, it was apparent that he calculated upon a hearty welcome. He was not mistaken; Jack was no common mendicant; he had stated houses of sojourn, at which he called periodically, and as his wants were not indiscriminate, his presence was felt as an honour of which those he favoured were not a little vain. The Glen was one of the places where he was sure to stop when he came into that part of the country; and, as he was full of local news, a little rustic scandal, and some harmless anecdotes, Matty and his family hailed his return as a relief from that monotony which even the more simple are in the habit of feeling in the retirement of a country life.

Jack having taken his seat on the accustomed bench near the fire, and a plateful of the best potatoes being placed on a form before him, he employed himself alternately in roasting the 'whiteys' in the ashes, and detailing the extent of his recent travels. 'I have been to Charley Shudall's at Lough,\* said Jack; 'an as far as Murphy's, o' the Cots, in the Ba-

ronyforth; an then I went to the Lady's Island, where I prayed for you, Matty, and afther that I went down to Carne.'

'Oh! musha! Jack, honny,' interrupted Matty, 'what took you among them *hoghany*† set.'

'Hoghany, do you call 'em? Faith 'tis 'em-selves have the full and plenty; an a handful of every thing.'

'Any pretty girls there, Jack?' asked Matty.

'You may say that, any how. There's Anty Codd, a strappen girl wid a cool hundred; and Mary Furlong, a real good thackeen: but afore 'em all give me Fanny Cullen; God bless the girl, she is a born beauty; her cheeks are for all the world like a pair of rosy apples, and her eyes look like stars on a frosty night, and her whole person is what any man might say his prayers to; and, troth, Mon Cullen, her father, have the name of money.'

'Is she engaged, Jack?' inquired Matty.

'Faith, an I can answer that too; and tell you, she have a mighty great notion of you, Matty. She had a sneakin regard for an *um-mudhaun*‡ of a fellow; but I put a spoke in his wheel, an if you're in earnest, you have only to go an show yourself, an the dickens is in it if she won't have you; for 'tisn't that you're to the fore, Matty, that I say it; but the not a boy from this to Scollough's Gap better deservin of Fanny Cullen nor your own four bones.'

This was spoken sincerely; and Matty found himself interested in Jack's description of the Carne beauty. He made further inquiries, and in a short time was resolved within himself to pay farmer Cullen a visit.§

On the following Sunday two men well mounted were seen crossing the bridge of Bargie. The one on the right amused himself with cutting, with the long lash of his whip, at the thistles which grew upon the road-side; while the other, more vain, regarded the silver upon his 'cutting' whip, the exact fulness of his top-boots and buckskin breeches, with great self-complacency. 'Matty,' said he,

\* Jack is a well known character in the south of the county of Wexford. He was a simple creature, and had a strange propensity of stitching every bit of cloth or old hat he could get upon some part of his coat. When I saw him last it was eighteen inches thick. He spoke the dialect of the Forth people, and had some curious sayings. Being asked how he knew when it would rain, he replied, 'When it blows from Johnny Codd's it will rain, if God please; when it blows from Nick Prendergast's, it will rain if God please; and when it blows from Jack Barry's, it will rain if God please; but when it blows from Charley Shudall's, it will rain whether God please or not!' Charley Shudall's house stood to the south, the houses of the others indicated west, east, and north.

† Vulgar.

‡ A fool.

§ Simple life will be found unfavourable to the growth of those sentiments which look so well in poetry, and which are congenial to a refined state of society. The Irish peasant marries for a 'consideration,' and is not unfrequently a suitor in consequence of descriptions given by persons in the situation of Jack Lyster. The friends arrange the preliminaries; the parties most concerned are seldom allowed a voice; and a fair is not uncommonly wooed, won, and wedded in the course of one revolving moon.



interrupting the silence which had for some time prevailed, for lack of subject, 'do you think the whole Baronyforth could turn out two neater boys nor ourselves?'

'Oh! we'll do well enough, Billy,' replied Matty Rossiter, 'but what success do you think we'll have?'

'Leave that to Billy Mulloy. I never went as a *blackman*\* yet, without carrying away the prize; do you stick to the girl herself, whisper soft nonsense in her ear, and tell her how happy you'll make her; and I'll boddher the ould ones, with accounts of your ploughs an barrows, your horses an your cows, an every thing else, as well as your beautiful farm.'

'An the fortune?'

'I won't forget that, believe me. They must shell out the "yellow boys," or devil a leg she'll put over the bridge o' Bargie.'

Such was their conversation, as they passed along; and, after a few hours ride, they got out of, what a sailor would call, their latitude. Although not more than half a dozen miles from their home, they were unacquainted with the road, and had to inquire their way. The farther they proceeded, the greater became their difficulty; and it was not without several efforts, on the part of Mr. Mulloy, that they could extract any meaning from the answers given by the people in the *patois* of the country, to their repeated inquiries. At length St. George's Channel became more distinctly in view, and presently an old beggar-woman pointed out to their longing eyes the comfortably looking residence of Mon Cullen. The travellers, agreeable to the etiquette of the case, now put their horses in full gallop, and, regardless of hedges and ditches, proceeded in a direct line to the place of destination. This method of approach indicated the nature of their business, and they were no sooner perceived, than all was bustle within the farmer's house. The pigs were driven out of the bawn, the kitchen was swept, the parlour was sanded; and, while the mother smoothened down her apron, the daughter, all apprehension and blushes, hastily retired to her room to put on clothes more befitting the occasion.

In a few minutes Matty and his blackman had their horses' heads close to the door, and in a moment they were dismounted. With becoming gallantry the beau inquired for the young lady, who quickly made her appearance, and, at the first glance, Matty was convinced that Jack Lyster had not exaggerated. Fanny was the pride of Carne, and she knew it; but still her carriage was so modest, and her manners so sweet, that her consciousness of beauty only served to add a certain graceful dignity to her air and movements. Though a stranger

to the mysteries of a modern toilet, she was not unacquainted with the art which naturally suggests itself to the female mind; she taught her auburn curls to fall luxuriantly upon her neck, and to retire from her forehead sufficiently to give full effect to a pair of eyes that laughed beneath it. Her person, too, was dressed to advantage; and her whole manner was somewhat studied, as she bade the gallants welcome. There was a momentary embarrassment on each side; but the boisterous hilarity of Mr. Mulloy, in provoking general mirth, soon set the parties perfectly at their ease. Matty sat by the young lady, one hand thrown over the back of her chair, and the other occupied with his whip, the heavy handle of which was occasionally thrust into his mouth, excluding, as it were, all the tender things a man so situated should be desirous of saying. The eyes, however, were not idle; and in a short time Fanny's triumph was complete.

In the mean time, the blackman was not idle; the farmer and his wife were charmed with the freedom and gaiety of his conversation, and were inclined to wish that he had been the wooer; Billy, who never lost an opportunity of promoting his own or his friend's interest, took an advantage of the impression he had made, and, under pretence of seeing Mr. Cullen's sow and pigs, requested the former to accompany him into the bawn; the good woman, who guessed what was going forward, followed them; and when absent from the cooing pair, the business part of the concern was entered upon: no two diplomatists could act more cautiously; they endeavoured to get at each other's weak parts, and an hour elapsed before they came to a mutual understanding. When Billy returned to the parlour he found Matty alone, the fair lady having departed, upon 'house affairs intent'; and, elongating his face beyond its natural proportions, he nodded his chin up and down, indicative of his poor opinion of the case.

'The girl is pretty,' said Matty.

'The ould fellow is as hard as iron,' returned Billy.

'Two hundred?' said Matty, intimating that he expected Cullen would offer that sum, at least, as a portion with his daughter.

'Guess again,' whispered the blackman.

'Well, no matter,' said Matty, 'I like the girl and will have her.'

'Oh, if that be the case,' returned his friend, 'I'm not the man to baulk you, but—'

Here he was interrupted by the return of Fanny, and she was quickly followed by all the materials of tea. *Slims*, as Billy afterwards expressed it, that were swimming in butter, and cream that a duck might walk upon. The

\* When a peasant determines to go ask for a wife, he invariably goes accompanied by a friend, who, on such occasions, is called the blackman.

guests did justice to Miss Cullen's catering, and before they took their departure that night, all the parties perfectly understood each other.

On the following Sunday, Mr. Cullen and an aged friend paid the Glen a visit; they came for the express purpose of ascertaining whether Mr. Mulloy's representations were correct, and after making proper allowance for the natural exaggeration of a blackman, they did not find much to complain of; Mon was delighted with the future residence of his daughter; praised Matty's system of husbandry, and even admitted that Nurse Ros-siter's butter and cheese were as good as any made within sight of the Lady's Island.

Matt's journey to Carne led the neighbours to suspect that he went in pursuit of a 'great fortune,' for, in accordance with the nature of associations, they generally substitute the money for the wife; and the arrival of 'Beany Bags' confirmed their suspicion. Much jealousy boiled over on this occasion; it was hinted that Matty might have gotten a good wife nearer home, and that some one who could take care of his house was better suited for a person in his situation than a slaumeen from Carne. To all this Matty turned a deaf ear; but there was one who gave expression to her disappointment, in terms more alarming.

One mild, mellow evening, a short time before his intended nuptials, as Matty was proceeding towards the residence of father Dake, for the purpose of confessing, preparatory to his entering upon an awful responsibility, he met, apparently by accident, Mary Codey. Her cheek was flushed, and her eyes rested as motionless in her head as if they were fixtures: at once she reproached him with a want of faith and base deception; and, before he could say a word by way of convincing her that she had no reason to complain, she fell upon her knees and breathed a curse upon him, so wild, so vehement, and so vindictive, that he was perfectly paralysed; he was not more superstitious than others, but he did not like having an 'oath in heaven' against him; and, in common with his neighbours, he believed an oath once made fell somewhere. He would have raised her from the ground; reasoned with her; but she pushed him violently from her, at the same time repeating an incoherent vow of vengeance which she had only uttered a moment before.

The place was lonely in the extreme; the mountain threw its shade upon them, and the perfect stillness of the evening was in solemn keeping with the scene. This affected the mind of Matty; something like a prescience of evil passed through his mind; he felt as if he were unhappy; and, eager to shake off any im-

pression of the kind, he again approached Mary with words of kindness, uttered in that soothing tone which is so natural and so familiar to the Irish peasantry. She listened to him; a beam of hope crossed her cheek; and thinking that her violence had operated favourably upon him, she forgot the becoming delicacy of her sex, and demanded if he would make her his wife. His answer was prompt, and in the negative; he had never given her such a hope; he now laughed at the proposition: this aroused the yet burning flame within her; she repeated her denunciations and her maledictions; and, filled with grief and disgust, Matty rushed from her presence.

He could not now think of confession; he had lost that religious composure which accompanied him from his home, and, less with the hope of regaining it than of cooling his burning brow in the cool breeze of evening, he struck into a by-path, and wandered along the margin of a little mountain stream, now deprived, in summer's drought, of that natural melody which running water produces. After walking for half an hour he sat down upon the bank, pulled a few sorrels, and was mechanically chewing them, when he heard footsteps approach him. Presently, Tommy Codey, Mary's eldest brother, stood before him: this man bore but an indifferent character in the country; he was of gigantic stature; uncouth and unfeeling, and being of a quarrelsome disposition, he kept his more feeble contemporaries in continual apprehension. His presence at such a time, and in such a place, was any thing but agreeable to Matty; he feared his vengeance, and at once prepared to encounter it; he started upon his feet with evident symptoms of alarm, and demanded the reason of the intrusion. Codey was cool and collected, affected surprise at his neighbour's manner, and in his turn inquired the cause of it; Matty was quite candid; he told all that had occurred between Mary and himself, and expressed much concern for the delusion she laboured under.

'Delusion call you it, Matty?' said Codey. 'I'll tell you, spalpeen, it is no delusion; you *must* fulfil your promise to my sister, or—' and he caught him by the arm in his gigantic grasp. The object of his vengeance, however, did not submit unresistingly; they grappled, and Matty, by the alertness with which he used his feet, brought his opponent to the ground. His advantage, however, was but momentary. Codey was instantly on his feet again, and quickly convinced his adversary that the contest was unequal. Matty fell to the ground like a thing lifeless, and Codey was preparing to spurn him with his foot, when interrupted by Billy Mulloy, who had oppor-

† A contemptuous appellation for the inhabitants of Forth. They are the only people in Ireland who cultivate field beans.

tunely arrived to save—perhaps the life of his friend. He was in search of some stray sheep, and happened to make this path his way by the merest accident. Seeing two opposed to him, Codey sullenly withdrew, vowing however to take, at another time, ample revenge for the indignity which he said had been offered to his sister.

The events of this evening made a deep impression upon the mind of Matty; he had lived free of contention of any kind, and was not conscious of having an enemy upon earth. One, however, had now started up quite unexpectedly; and he was not philosopher enough to set at nought the busy whispers of the world. His moral principles might be impeached; and, as women, right or wrong, when they complain, are sure of sympathy, he was wise enough to expect that popular opinion would be against him. Still he had a duty to perform; he owed to himself, and to her whom he had selected to be his partner in life, to act in this emergency as became a man upright and honourable. He accordingly set about making arrangements for the reception of his wife, and he found the bustle of active preparations relieve him from the dejected thoughts which had for some days prayed upon him. At length the eventful day arrived. Accompanied by a score horsemen, and as many 'friends,' who rode double, he set out to claim the hand of his betrothed. The journey was performed in sober order; and soon after his arrival the blushing, beauteous bride was united to her sturdy husband. With a delicacy which might afford to be imitated in higher stations, the bride usually remains in Ireland for a few weeks after marriage in the house of her parents, and on the present occasion the good old custom was not departed from. Matty returned to look after his farm; and when the usual interval between the wedding and the *hauling home*\* had past, Matty departed for his wife. He was accompanied by his bridesman, Billy Mulloy, and about fifteen choice spirits, mounted in a manner calculated to enable them to compete with the Carne gallants who would, as a thing of course, accompany their fair countrywoman to the home of her husband. The cavalcade proceeded in excellent order, stopping for *dock-a-dhurrus* at every alehouse they past, until they reached the residence of Mon Cullen; here a party was prepared to meet them, and all along the road which they had to travel nothing less was expected than an equestrian trial of skill, between the Killmanan and the Carne 'boys.' After much delay, heartfelt regret, and affectionate tears, Fanny was placed upon a pillion behind Billy Mul-

loy; the husband always delegating the care of his wife, on such occasions, to his bridesman. Mon exhorted them all to be calm, to avoid running races, and to take care of their necks. This was good advice; but it was fated, like much better council elsewhere, to be unheeded. No sooner were the horses' heads fairly turned towards Bargie, than, as if by a general impulse, all set forward at full gallop; the road was soon abandoned for a path of greater peril; and a stranger would have supposed that he was witnessing a stag-hunt, rather than the removal of a bride to her future home. In a short time the mountain of Forth became visible; and, just as night fell, they reached Killmanan. The bridegroom had here a new trial to go through. According to an immemorial custom, every one, on the occasion of a hauling home, are privileged to pelt the new married man, with all their might, provided they use no other missile than cabbage-stalks. Matty expected the unwelcome storm; and, after many suggestions from his friends, resolved to run the gauntlet with all possible expedition: he therefore set off at full gallop; and at first he was saluted by a solitary stalk, thrown from the cover of the hedge; another followed, and as he approached the house the shower thickened. The air resounded with laughter, and the poor sufferer had just reached the bawn-gate, when something harder than a cabbage-stump struck him on the temple; he tumbled from his saddle; but unfortunately his foot caught in the stirrup, and, as the horse continued at full speed, he was taken up, in the bawn, in a state of insensibility.

Conjecture was now busy respecting the malicious person who threw the deadly missile; and the crime, by general consent, was laid to the charge of Tommy Codey; he was seen behind the hedge, exactly opposite where Matty fell; and, on witnessing the effect of the blow, he hastily quitted the place. In the meantime the bridegroom continued to grow worse. On a surgeon being sent for, it was discovered that his left leg was broken, and his body contused in several places. This was a sad conclusion to a day of gaiety; and none had more cause to feel regret than Fanny; she was a stranger in a house of mourning, her own sorrow was forgotten in her affectionate attention to her husband, who, on his part, felt the pain of a fixed recumbent position considerably lessened by the caresses and care of a young and lovely wife. He knew his present pangs would not endure; and when once more blessed with health and the use of all his limbs, what joys were in store for him! He was entering, as it were, upon a new life,

\* The English reader is informed that bringing the bride to the house of her husband is called, *the hauling home*.

† At the wedding the *blackman* is usually transformed into the *bridesman*.



and he anticipated no future interruption. With Fanny he could not be otherwise than happy.

When his wounds were healed, and the doctor had given assurance of a speedy recovery, a long absent friend made his appearance at the Glen. It was the landlord, Mr. Healy. He had spent the last seven years at Oxford, in London, and on the Continent; and, though a mere stripling when he quitted the country, he had now returned in all the fulness of manhood. His foster-brother recognized him at once; but he perceived with regret that time, and college, and travel, had wrought a sad change in his disposition. His language was no longer the same; it was composed of flash phrases, quite unintelligible to Matty; and, though by no means fastidious, the oaths of the young squire surprised him. His manner, too, was altered, and, as Matty thought, for the worse; it had not that former familiar kindness in it which rendered him so dear to his foster-brother; it was haughty, distant, and calculated to impress upon his old playfellow a consciousness of inferiority. All this, however, might be right; Mr. Healy was under the necessity, perhaps, of supporting the dignity of his station; and when he took his departure from the Glen, the nurse, Rossiter, and Fanny were loud in the praises of the squire; his visit was considered an honour; and, as the condescension of greatness is sure to please, Matty offered no opposition to their laudations, but he felt that they were in part undeserved.

In a few days a visitor of a very different description came to the Glen in all the flaunting finery of a rustic belle. When Mary Codey entered, all were filled with surprise; but her manner was so kind, her regrets for the past appeared so sincere, and her wishes to be considered on her footing of former friendship expressed with so much earnestness, that she found herself quickly restored to the good opinion of her neighbours. Matty was glad to see her under such circumstances; it relieved him from many unpleasant apprehensions, and would convince the censorious that he had not wronged her. To Fanny, Mary was particularly attentive; and on a disposition so confiding and unsuspecting, her proffers of friendship and regard made a forcible impression. She was now constant in her visits; and the young squire came almost every day; he praised Fanny's beauty much more than Matty desired; but, when he snatched a kiss from her one day before his departure, the anger of the husband had almost overcome the habitual deference of the foster-brother. Still it was only in accordance with his wild manner, and a proof of his high opinion of Fanny's personal charms.

Fanny had now been at the Glen five or six weeks, and had hardly stirred from her husband's bedside; he was now, however, getting

quite stout, and he insisted upon her accompanying Mary Codey to the pattern of Killmanan, which, of course, always occurs upon a holiday in the parish. He felt very lonely during her absence, for she had by this time become necessary to his happiness; and he rejoiced when she returned. There was even more than usual fondness in her caresses, but he thought her cheek was flushed, and her eyes had that appearance which follows recent weeping; he did not question her, however, but an incipient jealousy was awakened when he learnt next day that she had gone from the pattern to see Healy Hall. His heart misgave him; he became restless and unhappy, a fever ensued, and his recovery was considerably protracted. When he was able to leave his bed the world had no charms for him; he looked upon every thing around his dwelling with a misanthropic eye, and viewed Fanny with a fixed stare of indecision; he knew not whether he should love or hate. One so innocently looking, so tender, and so pretty, *ought* to be guiltless; but then her visit to Healy Hall, her concealing it from him, and her appearance and manner on her return, gave testimony against her. Still he had only his suspicions; and, apprehensive of the 'world's dread laugh,' and fearful of lowering Fanny in her own estimation—in the estimation of her friends—he did not communicate to any living being the thoughts that madly tortured him. Could he ascertain the fact which he most dreaded he imagined he should be happy; dishonour itself, he fancied, would be preferable to the horrors of suspense.

He who suspects the fidelity of his wife must be a coward; if he whispers his suspicions to a living being, and these prove unfounded, he stands through life a conspicuous thing for the finger of scorn to point at; he puts his domestic happiness in jeopardy; and he runs the risk of forfeiting the affection of her he wrongs. And then his children!—This is what makes the jealous man additionally miserable; he is compelled to seem to be what he is not; he becomes a hypocrite, and affects a friendship for those he loaths and detests. The world is to him a place of torture; and, if wanting in moral courage, he naturally seeks, in an unhallowed death, an escape from mental torture—the worst, the most poignant of sufferings.

Matty found himself in this situation; the squire was almost daily in his visits; his attentions to Fanny were marked and unseemly, but still the husband spoke not; he indirectly mentioned the circumstance to his mother, but she ridiculed his suspicion, and he had not courage again to allude to it. In the mean time the alteration in his looks and manner did not escape the observations of his neighbours; and, while he thought that his wife was virtuous in the eyes of others, if not in his own, he was maddened to find that he was

looked upon by all as one consuming with unavowed jealousy—as a man deeply injured by one who ought to have been the last to injure him in so tender a part. Still he affected ignorance; and when Fanny presented to him her first-born, his heart was softened: he caressed the babe with a father's fondness, but, on suddenly turning round, he caught Mary Codey laughing at him, behind his back. He looked again at the infant, and thought he recognized in its unsettled features the exact picture of his foster-brother; he dropt it upon the bed, hurried out of the house, and, in a state of distraction, wandered into the fields; but he could not escape from the suspicions that haunted him. He threw himself upon the ground, started up, and again sunk to the earth. Night fell around, and he thought not of home. Exhausted by his own phrenzy, he lay motionless on the earth; and was not conscious of any one being present, when he was forcibly lifted from the ground, a bandage placed on his eyes, and his hair, with considerable adroitness, was cut close to his head. He offered hardly any resistance; but when left alone, a new direction was given to his thoughts. He had been importuned to enter into the society of United Irishmen, and as they knew each other by the shortness of their hair, he imagined it was a party of the conspirators who had thus admitted him, without his consent, a member of the body. Next day, when the squire visited the Glen, he playfully removed Matty's hat, and then laughingly exclaimed, 'A Crotty!' and Crotty henceforth was the title by which Rossiter was known throughout the country, a sobriquet which was subsequently extended to the insurgents of 1798.

This new insult aroused Matty to a sudden ebullition of feeling; he spoke sharply to his landlord; and, for once, indulged in the idea of seeking revenge, by removing the object of his suspicions. His whole soul was absorbed in this feeling; at first it was delightful; it served to give new energy to his mind; but reflection warned him of the sin and danger that attended such an act; and when he was on the point of perpetrating the dreadful deed, the pistol dropt from his hand; holier and kinder thoughts occurred, and he escaped the crime of having stained his hands in the blood of a foster-brother.

During all this time Fanny exhibited towards her husband the most tender affection; but in her presence he preserved an obstinate silence; several times she attempted to address him, but he either commanded her to desist, or abruptly left her. When she presented the baby for a kiss, he frowned, and turned away; and when she wept, he never offered consolation.

The general discontent now burst forth in open rebellion; but Matty was at first indifferent to the events which were passing

around him. During the first week of the insurrection, Fanny was one day missed at dinner; nurse Rossiter had the child, but no mother appeared. The family was in great alarm, and all were on the point of going out in search of her, when Mary Codey entered. There was a smile of exultation on her face, and turning towards Matty, she said, jeeringly, 'Rossiter, where is your Barnyforth wife now?'

'Where!' exclaimed the unhappy man, starting up on his feet.

'In the squire's arms, Matty! in the squire's arms!' she replied; 'Ha, is Mary Codey revenged, Matty?'

But he wanted not to gratify her revenge; he snatched his pistol, and ran to Healy Hall; here, however, he could find no traces of his wife; but he learnt enough to convince him, that his long cherished suspicions were but too well founded. A flood of bitter tears relieved his heart, and, while the paroxysm was on him, Billy Mulloy, in the dress of an insurgent officer, paid him a visit. Treason could not approach him at a moment better calculated to secure admission into his breast; he hurried to Wexford, and, as the man who had dishonored him was a Protestant, he was easily persuaded to look upon all the professors of that creed as enemies. His natural humanity gave way to momentary rage: he exceeded the most sanguinary in the dreadful excesses of the day, and, from the savage ferocity he exhibited, a band of ruffians chose him for their leader. While busy with the work of destruction on Wexford Bridge, a voice from the crowd, exclaimed, 'Matty Rossiter, where is your wife?'

'Where?' he demanded, turning round, and Mary Codey stood before him.

'At Healy Hall,' she replied.

'You told me so afore an lied,' said he.

'No,' said she; 'I sed Fanny was in the squire's arms, but did not say at Healy Hall. She is there now, however, Matty.'

'The captain is an injured man,' cried the mob, and as he made a movement to depart a host of people volunteered to accompany him. As they passed up John Street, Mary's voice was heard from the church-yard, exclaiming 'Matty Rossiter, am I revenged?'

At Healey Hall they were refused admittance; but resistance only increased their resolution to enter. The place was regularly besieged; and while the insurgents were busy breaking in the front door, Matty gained admission by a back window, every part of the mansion being long familiar to him. Hurrying up stairs with the fury of an outraged tiger, he met Mr. Healy descending. They grappled, and both rolled down together into the passage.

'Hold, Matty, hold! don't you know me—your own foster-brother?' said the squire piteously.

'Know you? Yes!' replied the enraged Matty, 'I have a right to know you.' And he struck him with his pistol on the temple.—'This hour is mine,' he continued, 'and now for revenge.'

But just as he was about to pull the trigger of the levelled pistol, Fanny, her dress torn, and her hair streaming about her face, rushed between her husband and his victim. 'No murder!' she exclaimed; 'Matty, dear Matty, no murder! Your poor Fanny is safe.'

'Strumpet!' he cried, and he madly struck her to the ground, as he strode past her to reach the squire. At this moment the door gave way, amidst the cheers of the assailants; and Mr. Healy, yielding to a sudden dread, cried out, 'Matty, save me!' An insurgent hand was upon him; but such is the strangeness of man's nature, the individual who was about to slay, now proved a protector. 'He is my victim,' said Matty firmly. 'The bridge of Wexford!' shouted the people. 'No—here, here!' cried Tommy Codey, who now suddenly appeared among them; 'the wretch,' said he, 'has ruined half the women in the country.—My sister,' he continued, turning to the crowd, was good and virtuous till he poisoned her mind, and brought shame upon the name of Codey.' The cry of immediate vengeance then grew louder, for the nice sense of female honour maintained amongst the Irish peasantry fills them with detestations against the violators of it. The 'Croppy,' as Matty was now called, resolved to defend his foster-brother—at least from instant destruction; but the mal-contents were not to be disappointed of their prey: they pressed forward, and soon overpowered all opposition. The groans of the unhappy man, as the multitude were trampling life out of him, mingled dismally with the shrieks of Fanny and the fearful buzz of the enraged populace.

In a few minutes the work of destruction was accomplished: the Croppy was borne away by his followers, and the unhappy Fanny was carried senseless to the house of a neighbour. It now appeared that she was sinless and stainless. Mary Codey had wormed herself into her confidence, in the hope of accom-

plishing her ruin, and had agreed to betray her into the power of Healy, although that thoughtless young man had been her own paramour. On the day of the pattern an unsuccessful attempt was made on Fanny's honour; and the abduction which followed might have been prevented, had Matty listened to or sought an explanation. The squire, availing himself of the opportunities afforded him by his privilege of visiting his nurse, persecuted her with his detestable passion, until, seeing that her virtue was impregnable, he came to the resolution of possessing himself of her person by force. Events prevented the full accomplishment of his design, and though she loathed the wretch, she did not wish her husband to become a murderer. She was faint with grief, watching, and apprehension, and the blow given her by Matty. The scene which she witnessed at Healy Hall eventually deprived her of reason. She wandered through the country for some time, neglected; and when found by her afflicted father, she was reduced to a skeleton: all traces of her former loveliness had vanished, and an early grave hid her from the world.

The unfortunate Croppy performed many acts of madness during the rebellion; and on its cessation he betook himself to the fastnesses of the country, and joined the 'babes in the wood.' Weary with a life abhorrent to his feelings, he wandered home; but the heirs of Healy had levelled his once happy dwelling. He sat upon the ruins, and if his reflections had less sublimity than those of Marius amidst the fallen columns of Carthage, they were more heart-rending: they were of a domestic nature, and he had nothing to expect from posterity. His injured wife was already dead, and his mother was not expected to survive her many months. On the following day he surrendered himself to a magistrate; and as his conduct on the bridge of Wexford was notorious, he received from a court-martial sentence of death. On his way to the felon's gallows a voice from the crowd exclaimed, 'Matty, I am revenged!' He turned round—Mary Codey met his eye. He raised his eye to Heaven, and passed firmly on.

## STANZAS.

TELL me, gentle Zephyr, tell,  
Roamer of the hill and dell—  
Tell me if you've met a maid  
Wandering thro' these bowers of shade.

For upon her cheek you've hung,  
Kiss'd her lips so ripe and young,  
And sighing thro' her ringlet rings,  
Brought their balm upon your wings.

Yes, you've met her mid the shade,  
Wondering why her love delay'd,  
Let her not in sorrow dwell,  
Gentle Zephyr, tell, oh! tell.

J. A. SHEA.

March, 1828.

N



## LORD COCHRANE.

THIS nobleman, distinguished from his early years for a spirit of wild adventure, is the son of Lord Dundonald, and was born on the 14th of December, 1775. At the age of ten he went to sea, under the immediate protection of his relative, Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane; and before his age qualified him for the rank of lieutenant, he had performed some extraordinary feats of valour. When promoted to the command of a ship, he took, in the first ten months, thirty-three vessels, mounting, in the aggregate, one hundred and twenty-eight guns, and containing five hundred and thirty persons.

In 1803 his lordship was appointed to the *Arab*, and in the following year to the *Pallas* frigate, of thirty-two guns.—In 1805 he was employed in cruising off the Spanish coast; and while on this duty captured a Spanish galleon, laden, it was reported, with specie to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. On this occasion Lord Cochrane manifested a spirit of generosity quite chivalrous. The captain of the galleon and supercargo stated, in piteous, and no doubt heartfelt terms, that the savings of twenty years in South America, with which they were returning to Old Spain, were now taken from them. Upon hearing their honest appeal, his lordship, with the consent of his officers and crew, nobly returned them their little fortune. This action does him more honour than his most heroic achievement. While commander of the *Pallas*, he performed an action which deservedly excited much notice at the time. While cruising off *l'Isle d'Aix* he discovered a well-known forty-gun frigate; but this superior force did not deter him from giving chase.—His own words describe the rencontre best. 'The *Pallas*,' says he, 'remained under top-sails by the wind to await them: at half-past eleven (in the morning) a smart point-blank firing commenced on both sides, which was severely felt by the enemy. The main-top-sail yard of one of the brigs was cut through, and the frigate lost her after sails. The batteries on *l'Isle d'Aix* opened on the *Pallas*, and a cannonade continued, interrupted on our part only by the necessity we were under to make various tacks to avoid the shoals, till one o'clock, when

our endeavours to gain the wind of the enemy, and get between him and the batteries, proved successful; an effectual distance was now chosen—a few broadsides were poured in—the enemy's fire slackened; I ordered ours to cease, and directed Mr. Sutherland, the master, to run the frigate on board, with intention effectually to prevent her retreat, by boarding. The enemy's side thrust our guns back into the ports, the whole were then discharged, the effect and crash were dreadful; their decks were deserted; three pistol shots were the unequal return. With confidence I say, that the frigate was lost to France, had not the unequal collision tore away our fore-top-mast, jib-boom, fore and main-top-sail yards, sprit-sail-yard, bumkin, cat-head, chain-plates, fore-rigging, fore-sail, and bower anchor, with which last I intended to hook on, but all proved insufficient.—She was yet lost to France, had not the French admiral, seeing his frigate's fore-yard gone, her rigging ruined, and the danger she was in, sent two others to her assistance. The *Pallas* being a wreck, we came out with what little sail could be set, and his Majesty's sloop the *Kingfisher* afterwards took us in tow.'

In 1808 he was employed on the coast of Spain, and when the people of that country made an effort to shake off the yoke of France, they were zealously seconded by his lordship. At the defence of the castle of Trinidad, when the Spanish flag fell into the ditch, his lordship was the only person who, regardless of the shower of bullets flying about him, descended, and placed it, with his own hand, where it was before. His next exploit was the destruction of the French fleet in Basque Roads, an enterprise which evinced as much naval skill as personal bravery. His lordship's reward was the honour of being invested with the order of the Bath.

In 1806 he was returned to serve in Parliament for the borough of Honiton, in Devonshire; and in 1807 his lordship was popular enough to secure his return for Westminster, which he continued to represent until the affair of 1814 deprived the country of his senatorial services.—On this occurrence it is unnecessary to dwell: his lordship was the dupe of designing men, and his political oppo-

nents availed themselves of his errors to degrade him from his honours and rank in the navy. His conduct on this occasion was characterized by that imprudent impetuosity which distinguishes the profession to which he belonged.

Inactivity was not suited to his lordship's disposition. A lover of freedom, he embarked in the cause of the South American people, and the success of the Chileans was owing, in no small degree, to his invaluable assistance.

Of all his lordship's exploits, however, in South America, the capture of the Spanish frigate *Esmeralda* was the most extraordinary. 'On the third of November,' (1817) says an eye witness, 'his lordship astonished the inhabitants of Callao, by sailing through the narrow passage that lies between the island of San Lorenzo and the main, called the Boqueron. Never had the Spaniards known a vessel of more than fifty tons attempt what they now saw done with a fifty gun frigate. Expecting every moment to see us founder, the enemy had manned their gunboats, and formed themselves in a line ready to attack us the instant they should observe us strike; to witness which, the batteries were crowned with spectators; but to their utter astonishment we passed the straight, leaving them to ruminate on the nautical tactics of the Admiral of the Chilean squadron.

'Having passed the Boqueron, a ship and a schooner hove in sight; the ship proved to be English, the schooner to be the *Alcance*, from Guayaquil, bringing the news of the revolution and declaration of independence of that city and province, and having on board the ex-governor and other Spanish authorities. Guayaquil followed the example of the other South American cities in the manner in which she threw off the colonial yoke; the Spanish mandataries were deposed, and a new government established on the ninth of October, without any bloodshed, or even insults offered to the individuals deposed.

'The adventurous spirit of Lord Cochrane immediately formed the project of performing the most gallant achievement that has honoured the exertions of the patriot arms in the new world. The two Spanish frigates *Prueba* and *Vengansa* had left the coast of Peru, and the only vessel of respectable force left

at Callao was the frigate *Esmeralda*. She was at anchor in this port, guarded by fifteen gunboats, two schooners, two brigs of war, and three large armed merchantmen, besides the protection of the forts and batteries on shore, and a floating boom surrounding all the vessels, open only on the north side, lying close to the shore of Bocanegra. His lordship determined on cutting out the frigate, the brigs and schooners, and as many of the boats and merchantmen as might be possible. This daring enterprize was to be executed by volunteers alone; but when the act was proposed on the third of November to the crews of the different vessels, the whole of them wished to share in the glory of the undertaking. On this account it became necessary to issue the following proclamation, which was received with that enthusiasm which the voice of a hero causes, when he speaks to those who know his character:

' "Soldiers and Sailors,—To-night we will give a mortal blow to the enemy; to-morrow you will present yourselves before Callao, and all your companions will look on you with envy. One hour of courage and resolution is all that is necessary to triumph; remember that you are the victors of Valdivia, and fear not those who have always fled before you.

' "The value of all the vessels taken out of Callao shall be yours; and, moreover, the same sum of money offered by the government of Lima to the captors of any vessel of the Chilean squadron, shall be distributed among you. The moment of glory is at hand. I hope, Chileans, you will behave as you have hitherto done; and that the Englishmen will act as they are accustomed to do both at home and abroad. November 4th, 1820. Cochrane."

'On the fourth of November, fourteen boats belonging to the Chilean vessels of war were manned, and left the ships, filled with volunteers, at half past ten o'clock at night; but this was only intended by his lordship to exercise the men. On the fifth, being the day determined on by the admiral for the gallant enterprize, the signalman of the flag-ship was sent to the signal staff erected on the island of San Lorenzo, where he hoisted two or three flags, and was answered by the *O'Higgins*; the *Lautaro*, *Independencia*, and *Araucano* immediately weighed anchor, and stood out of the bay, leav-

ing on board the O'Higgins the boats and volunteers. This *ruse de guerre* completely succeeded, and the Spaniards were persuaded that they had nothing to fear that night, for they supposed that some strange sail had appeared in the offing, and that our vessels had gone out in pursuit of it. All being thus ready, at ten o'clock at night we again embarked in the boats, and proceeded towards the inner anchorage; on the outside the boom the United States frigate Macedonia, and the English frigate Hyperion, were at anchor; and, as we passed the former, after being hailed by the sentry at the gangway, who was immediately hushed by the officer on deck, many of her officers hung over the bulwarks, cheered us in whispers, wishing us success, and wishing also that they themselves could join us. Not so the Hyperion; although not so near to her, the sentries continued to hail the boats till we had passed.

'The boats, containing two hundred and forty volunteers, proceeded in two divisions; the first under the command of Captain Crosbie, of the flag ship; the second, of Captain Guise of the Lautaro, both under the immediate direction of his lordship. At midnight we passed the boom; Lord Cochrane being in the first boat, was hailed from a gun boat, but, without answering, he rowed alongside her, and standing up, said to the officer, "Silence! or death; another word and I'll put you every one to the sword!" Without waiting a reply, a few strokes of the oars brought the boats alongside the Esmeralda, when his lordship sprung up the gangway and shot the sentry; the one at the opposite gangway levelled his musket and fired; his lordship returned the fire, and killed him, when turning round to the boats he exclaimed, "Up my lads, she's ours!" The soldiers and sailors boarded her in every direction, and possession of the quarter deck was immediately taken. The Spaniards flew to the fore-castle, where they defended themselves, and kept up a continued fire of musquetry for seventeen minutes, when they were driven below, and obliged to surrender. We had scarcely obtained possession of the quarter deck, when a gunboat close astern of the frigate fired a shot into her; the shot tore up the deck under the feet of Captain Coig, the commander of the Esmeralda, and wounded him se-

verely; it also killed two English sailors, and one native; but the officer and crew of the boat immediately abandoned her.

'The frigate was in an excellent state of defence, and her crew under good discipline; the men were all sleeping at their guns, and the guard of marines on the quarter deck; and so prompt were the latter, when his lordship jumped up the gangway, that they appeared as if they had been ordered out to receive him; indeed had not the boats under the command of Captain Guise boarded at almost the same moment, behind the marines, the admiral and many others who boarded her on the starboard side must have fallen by their fire. His lordship at this time received a shot through the thigh, but, until the ship was ours, he paid no attention to the wound, except binding a handkerchief round it; after which he stood on one of the guns of the quarter deck, and laid his leg on the hammock netting, where he remained till three o'clock in the morning, and then went on board the O'Higgins to have it dressed by the surgeon.

\* \* \*

'It was the intention of Lord Cochrane to clear the bay, according to the instructions given; but being wounded, and the resistance made by the Spaniards on board proving much greater than was expected, Captain Guise ordered the cable to be cut; which being done, the frigate began to drift from her anchorage. The batteries were pretty active during the engagement, and when the Hyperion and Macedonia sheeted home their top-sails and began to move out of the way of the shot, the firing increased. These ships showed two lights, one at the mizen peak, the other at the jib-boom, as distinguishing signals, which being observed by Lord Cochrane, he immediately ordered the same to be shown on board the Esmeralda: thus she was brought out of the anchorage with less damage than either of the other two sustained. Indeed, except the shot from the gun boat, the Esmeralda sustained none whatever.

'From the lists that were found on the prize, it appeared that she had three hundred and twenty persons on board, besides some visitors, who, from what had been observed, imagined that nothing uncommon would take place that day. On the following, when the pri-



soners were mustered, their numbers only amounted to one hundred and seventy-three; thus their loss was one hundred and fifty-seven, besides several wounded, who at nine o'clock on the sixth were sent on shore with a flag of truce. Our loss amounted to eleven killed, and twenty-eight wounded. His lordship immediately proposed to the Viceroy an exchange of prisoners; which being acceded to, ours were immediately sent ashore, and those from the dungeons of Casasmatas were ordered to join the army under Santa Maria. The loss of the Esmeralda was a death blow to the Spanish naval force in the Pacific, and created a most extraordinary effect in Lima; the natives looked congratulations to each other, but dared not to speak, while the Spaniards indulged themselves with every kind of useless vociferation. To such a degree of frenzy were they wrought up in Callao, that on

the sixth, when the market boat belonging to the United States' ship Macedonia went ashore, the crew was murdered by the infuriated Spaniards, who fancied that they had assisted the patriots on the preceding night.'

On Lord Cochrane's return from South America, the friends of Greece cast their eyes upon him as a man eminently calculated to promote the cause of liberty in the Morea. Accordingly he proceeded to that classic, but oppressed, country; and if the results have not been such as sanguine men expected, the cause is in no way attributable to Lord Cochrane. Events have recently occurred to render it necessary for his lordship to return to England; but he has signified his intention of immediately rejoining the Greek forces, unless the European powers do something to render such a course on his part unnecessary.

#### FAIRY LEGENDS.\*

THESE volumes fulfil the promise given by Croker in the first part of 'Fairy Legends.' The second part contains some stories, many of which are *not* very popular in Ireland; and the third is a kind of history of fairies, with some Welsh legends, extracted chiefly from a curious work, by a Rev. Mr. Jones, noticed not long since in Blackwood's Magazine. The historical part singularly illustrates our remarks upon the subject in another article this month.

There is throughout these volumes an ostentatious display of schoolboy erudition, and a want of candour which we did not expect from Mr. Croker. The legend entitled 'Barry of Cairn Thierna' is borrowed from our pages without acknowledgment. It is imitated so closely, and the incidents being precisely the same in both, the source to which Mr. Croker was indebted for it is obvious enough; yet in a note he says it was transmitted to him by an anonymous correspondent. *Crede, &c.* We do not.

These volumes, upon the whole, have disappointed us; the first volume appears to have exhausted Mr. Croker's stores; for the present collection is singularly uninteresting. The following is one of the best. It is entitled 'Teigue of the Lee.'

"I can't stop in the house—I won't stop in it for all the money that is buried in the old castle of Carrigrohan. If ever there was such a thing in the world!—to be abused to my face night and day, and nobody to the fore

doing it! and then, if I'm angry, to be laughed at with a great roaring, ho, ho, ho! I won't stay in the house after to-night, if there was not another place in the country to put my head under." This angry soliloquy was pronounced in the hall of the old manor-house of Carrigrohan by John Sheehan. John was a new servant; he had been only three days in the house, which had the character of being haunted, and in that short space of time he had been abused and laughed at, by a voice which sounded as if a man spoke with his head in a cask; nor could he discover who was the speaker, or from whence the voice came. "I'll not stop here," said John; "and that ends the matter."

"Ho, ho, ho! be quiet, John Sheehan, or else worse will happen to you."

'John instantly ran to the hall window, as the words were evidently spoken by a person immediately outside, but no one was visible. He had scarcely placed his face at the pane of glass, when he heard another loud "Ho, ho, ho!" as if behind him in the hall; as quick as lightning he turned his head, but no living thing was to be seen.

"Ho, ho, ho, John!" shouted a voice that appeared to come from the lawn before the house; "do you think you'll see Teigue?—oh, never! as long as you live! so leave alone looking after him, and mind your business; there's plenty of company to dinner from Cork to be here to-day, and 'tis time you had the cloth laid."

\* *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.* Part II. and III. Vols. 2 and 3. London, 1828. Murray.

"Lord bless us! there's more of it!—I'll never stay another day here," repeated John.

"Hold your tongue, and stay where you are quietly, and play no tricks on Mr. Pratt, as you did on Mr. Jervois about the spoons."

John Sheehan was confounded by this address from his invisible persecutor, but nevertheless he mustered courage enough to say—"Who are you?—come here, and let me see you, if you are a man;" but he received in reply only a laugh of unearthly derision, which was followed by a "Good bye—I'll watch you at dinner, John!"

"Lord between us and harm! this beats all!—I'll watch you at dinner!—maybe you will;—'tis the broad day-light, so 'tis no ghost; but this is a terrible place, and this is the last day I'll stay in it. How does he know about the spoons?—if he tells it, I'm a ruined man!—there was no living soul could tell it to him but Tim Barrett, and he's far enough off in the wilds of Botany Bay now, so how could he know it—I can't tell for the world! But what's that I see there at the corner of the wall!—'tis not a man!—oh, what a fool I am! 'tis only the old stump of a tree!—But this is a shocking place—I'll never stop in it, for I'll leave the house to-morrow; the very look of it is enough to frighten any one."

The mansion had certainly an air of desolation; it was situated in a lawn, which had nothing to break its uniform level, save a few tufts of narcissuses and a couple of old trees coeval with the building. The house stood at a short distance from the road, it was upwards of a century old, and Time was doing his work upon it; its walls were weather-stained in all colours, its roof showed various white patches, it had no look of comfort; all was dim and dingy without, and within there was an air of gloom, of departed and departing greatness, which harmonised well with the exterior. It required all the exuberance of youth and of gaiety to remove the impression, almost amounting to awe, with which you trod the huge square hall, paced along the gallery which surrounded the hall, or explored the long rambling passages below stairs. The ball-room, as the large drawing-room was called, and several other apartments were in a state of decay; the walls were stained with damp, and I remember well the sensation of awe which I felt creeping over me when, boy as I was, and full of boyish life, and wild and ardent spirits, I descended to the vaults; all without and within me became chilled beneath their dampness and gloom—their extent, too, terrified me; nor could the merriment of my two schoolfellows, whose father, a respectable clergyman, rented the dwelling for a time, dispel the feelings of a romantic imagination until I once again ascended to the upper regions.

John had pretty well recovered himself as the dinner-hour approached, and several guests

arrived. They were all seated at table, and had begun to enjoy the excellent repast, when a voice was heard in the lawn.

"Ho, ho, ho, Mr. Pratt, won't you give poor Teigue some dinner? ho, ho, a fine company you have there, and plenty of every thing that's good; sure you won't forget poor Teigue?"

John dropped the glass he had in his hand.

"Who is that?" said Mr. Pratt's brother, an officer of the artillery.

"That is Teigue," said Mr. Pratt, laughing, "whom you must often have heard me mention."

"And pray, Mr. Pratt," inquired another gentleman, "who is Teigue?"

"That," he replied, "is more than I can tell. No one has ever been able to catch even a glimpse of him. I have been on the watch for a whole evening with three of my sons, yet, although his voice sometimes sounded almost in my ear, I could not see him. I fancied, indeed, that I saw a man in a white frieze jacket pass into the door from the garden to the lawn, but it could be only fancy, for I found the door locked, while the fellow, whoever he is, was laughing at our trouble. He visits us occasionally, and sometimes a long interval passes between his visits, as in the present case; it is now nearly two years since we heard that hollow voice outside the window. He has never done any injury that we know of, and once when he broke a plate, he brought one back exactly like it."

"It is very extraordinary," said several of the company.

"But," remarked a gentleman to young Mr. Pratt, "your father said he broke a plate; how did he get it without your seeing him?"

"When he asks for some dinner, we put it outside the window and go away; whilst we watch he will not take it, but no sooner have we withdrawn than it is gone."

"How does he know that you are watching?"

"That's more than I can tell, but he either knows or suspects. One day my brothers Robert and James with myself were in our back parlour, which has a window into the garden, when he came outside and said, 'Ho, ho, ho! master James, and Robert, and Henry, give poor Teigue a glass of whiskey.' James went out of the room, filled a glass with whiskey, vinegar, and salt, and brought it to him. 'Here, Teigue,' said he, 'come for it now.' 'Well, put it down, then, on the step outside the window.' This was done, and we stood looking at it. 'There, now, go away,' he shouted. We retired, but still watched it. 'Ho, ho! you are watching Teigue; go out of the room, now, or I won't take it.' We went outside the door and returned, the glass was gone, and a moment after we heard him roaring

and cursing frightfully. He took away the glass, but the next day the glass was on the stone step under the window, and there were crumbs of bread in the inside, as if he had put it in his pocket; from that time he was not heard till to-day."

"Oh," said the colonel, "I'll get a sight of him; you are not used to these things: an old soldier has the best chance, and as I shall finish my dinner with this wing, I'll be ready for him when he speaks next.—Mr. Bell, will you take a glass of wine with me?"

"Ho, ho! Mr. Bell," shouted Teigue. "Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, you were a quaker long ago. Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, you're a pretty boy;—a pretty quaker you were; and now you're no quaker, nor any thing else:—ho, ho! Mr. Bell. And there's Mr. Parkes: to be sure, Mr. Parkes looks mighty fine to-day, with his powdered head, and his grand silk stockings, and his bran new rakish-red waistcoat.—And there's Mr. Cole,—did you ever see such a fellow? a pretty company you've brought together, Mr. Pratt: kiln-dried quakers, butter-buying buckeens from Mallow-lane, and a drinking exciseman from the coal-quay, to meet the great thundering artillery-general that is come out of the Indies, and is the biggest dust of them all."

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed the colonel: "I'll make you show yourself;" and snatching up his sword from a corner of the room he sprang out of the window upon the lawn. In a moment a shout of laughter, so hollow, so unlike any human sound, made him stop, as well as Mr. Bell, who with a huge oak stick was close at the colonel's heels; others of the party followed on the lawn, and the remainder rose and went to the windows. "Come on, colonel," said Mr. Bell; "let us catch this impudent rascal."

"Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, here I am—here's Teigue—why don't you catch him?—Ho, ho! Colonel Pratt, what a pretty soldier you are to draw your sword upon poor Teigue, that never did any body harm."

"Let us see your face, you scoundrel," said the colonel.

"Ho, ho, ho!—look at me—look at me: do you see the wind, Colonel Pratt?—you'll see Teigue as soon; so go in and finish your dinner."

"If you're upon the earth I'll find you, you villain!" said the colonel, whilst the same unearthly shout of derision seemed to come from behind an angle of the building. "He's round that corner," said Mr. Bell—"run, run."

"They followed the sound, which was continued at intervals along the garden wall, but could discover no human being; at last both stopped to draw breath, and in an instant, almost at their ears, sounded the shout."

"Ho, ho, ho! Colonel Pratt, do you see Teigue now?—do you hear him?—Ho, ho, ho! you're a fine colonel to follow the wind."

"Not that way, Mr. Bell—not that way; come here," said the colonel.

"Ho, ho, ho! what a fool you are; do you think Teigue is going to show himself to you in the field, there? But, colonel, follow me if you can:—you a soldier!—ho, ho, ho!" The colonel was enraged—he followed the voice over hedge and ditch, alternately laughed at and taunted by the unseen object of his pursuit—(Mr. Bell, who was heavy, was soon thrown out), until at length, after being led a weary chase, he found himself at the top of the cliff, over that part of the river Lee which, from its great depth, and the blackness of its water, has received the name of Hell-hole. Here, on the edge of the cliff, stood the colonel out of breath, and mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, while the voice, which seemed close at his feet, exclaimed—"Now, Colonel Pratt—now, if you're a soldier, here's a leap for you;—now look at Teigue—why don't you look at him?—Ho, ho, ho! Come along; you're warm, I'm sure, Colonel Pratt, so come in and cool yourself; Teigue is going to have a swim!" The voice seemed as descending amongst the trailing ivy and brushwood which clothes this picturesque cliff nearly from top to bottom, yet it was impossible that any human being could have found footing. "Now, colonel, have you courage to take the leap?—Ho, ho, ho! what a pretty soldier you are. Good-bye—I'll see you again in ten minutes above at the house—look at your watch, colonel:—there's a dive for you;" and a heavy plunge into the water was heard. The colonel stood still, but no sound followed, and he walked slowly back to the house, not quite half a mile from the Crag.

"Well, did you see Teigue?" said his brother, whilst his nephews, scarcely able to smother their laughter, stood by.—"Give me some wine," said the colonel. "I never was led such a dance in my life; the fellow carried me all round and round, till he brought me to the edge of the cliff, and then down he went into Hell-hole, telling me he'd be here in ten minutes: 'tis more than that now, but he's not come."

"Ho, ho, ho! colonel, isn't he here?—Teigue never told a lie in his life: but, Mr. Pratt, give me a drink and my dinner, and then good night to you all, for I'm tired; and that's the colonel's doing." A plate of food was ordered; it was placed by John, with fear and trembling, on the lawn under the window. Every one kept on the watch, and the plate remained undisturbed for some time.

"Ah! Mr. Pratt, will you starve poor Teigue? Make every one go away from the windows, and master Henry out of the tree, and master Richard off the garden wall."

"The eyes of the company were turned to the tree and the garden wall; the two boys' attention was occupied in getting down; the visitors were looking at them; and "Ho, ho, ho!—good luck to you, Mr. Pratt!—'tis a



good dinner, and there's the plate, ladies and gentlemen—good-bye to you, colonel!—good-bye to you all”—brought their attention back, when they saw the empty plate lying on the grass; and Teigue's voice was heard no more for that evening. Many visits were afterwards paid by Teigue; but never was he seen, nor any discovery ever made of his person.'

The next is one of the Welsh Legends.

"Don't tell me, you silly young things, don't provoke an old man, now upwards of ninety years of age, by saying there were no fairies in Wales. If your great-grandfather was alive, he would confirm every word of what I say. 'Tis of what I saw I speak, and will speak, while I have breath; I tell you, that fairies were to be seen in the days of my youth by the thousand, and I have seen them myself an hundred times, indeed. When I was a boy, 'twas dangerous to leave children in their cradles without some one to watch them, so common was it for the fairies to steal them away. There was Howel Merdydd Shone Morgan's family, what trouble they had, when they lived on the Rhos, (a plain,) in the Creinant, when Gitto Bach (Little Griffith) was stolen away. Gitto was a fine boy, and would often ramble alone to the top of the mountain, to look at his father's sheep, and when he returned he would show his sisters a number of pieces, the size of crowns, with letters stamped upon them, and resembling them exactly, only they were made of a peculiar white paper. When asked where he had found them, he would say, the little chil-

dren with whom I play on the mountain gave them to me; he always called them the little children. At length, one day, poor little Gitto was missing; the whole neighbourhood was in a commotion, search was made, but no little Gitto was heard of. Two years elapsed, and the still desponding mother received no other intelligence than in fresh cause of alarm for the safety of her other children; for they took to wandering on the mountains, and from one or two excursions had returned with coins resembling those which had been given to Gitto, previous to his disappearance; whereupon the family became doubly vigilant in watching these children, and the cottage door was cautiously secured with bars and bolts. One morning, as the mother opened the door, what should she see but little Gitto, sitting on the threshold, with a bundle under his arm. He was the very same size, and apparently the same age, and dressed in the same ragged dress as on the day of his departure from the Rhos. 'My child!' said the astonished and delighted mother, 'where have you been this long, long while?' 'Mother,' said Gitto, 'I have not been long away, it was but yesterday that I was with you. Look what pretty clothes I have in this bundle, given to me by the little children on the mountain, for dancing with them while they played on their harps.' The mother opened the bundle; it contained a dress of very white paper, without seam or sewing. She very prudently burnt it immediately, having ascertained that it was given him by the fairies."

#### MR. MOORE'S POPULAR NATIONAL AIRS.\*

MR. MOORE excels his cotemporaries in the facility with which he adapts words to music; marries, as it were, wandering national airs to 'immortal verse.' His 'Irish Melodies' have long since established his reputation as the first lyric poet of the age; and his 'National Airs,' the sixth number of which is now before us, are deservedly as popular as his early work, upon which a critic insists his fame must ultimately rest. The characteristics of Mr. Moore's lyrical compositions are so well known, that it would now be a work of superelevation to point them out; all read—all admire them. We shall make an extract or two as a specimen of the literary part of the work.

'Hope comes again to this heart long a stranger,  
Once more she sings me her flattering strain;  
But hush, gentle Syren, for, ah! there's less danger  
In still suffering on than in hoping again.

Long, long, in sorrow, too deep for repining,  
Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain,  
And joy, coming now, like a sudden light shining  
O'er eyelids long darken'd, would bring me but pain.

Fly then, ye visions, that hope would shed o'er me,—  
Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest  
Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,  
But, ah, in forgetting how once I was blest!

The next is perhaps still prettier:

'I would tell her I love her  
Did I know but the way;  
Could my lips but discover  
What a lover should say.  
Though I swear to adore her  
Ev'ry morning I rise,  
Yet, when once I'm before her,  
All my eloquence flies!  
Oh! ye Gods, did ye ever  
Such a simpleton know,  
I'm in love, and yet never  
Have the heart to say so.  
Having pluck'd up a spirit  
One moonshiny night,  
"Then," thought I, "I'll defer it  
Till to-morrow's daylight."  
But, alas, the pale moon-beam  
Could not frighten me more;  
For I found, by the noon-beam,  
I was dumb as before.  
Oh! ye Gods, &c.

Mr. Bishop has performed his task with even more than his accustomed success, and the Number is embellished with some charming designs by Mr. Stothard, R. A. engraved by Finden and Bromley. The Number consists of thirteen airs; three of them are Italian, one Florentine, three French, two Spanish, one Indian, one Hindostanee, one Austrian, and one old English.

\* The Sixth Number. Power. London, 1828.